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ST. BRIGID

By MRS. ATKINSON

IRELAND'S patron saints are three—the wonder-working triad, Patrick, Brigid, and Columba; and according to the order in which they are named, these saintly personages lived, loved, and laboured. When Patrick was called to his reward, Brigid had entered on her career; and when the Abbess of Kildare fulfilled her course, Columba was a stripling of fair promise. Within the period covered by the first Apostle's preaching and the Abbot of Iona's evangelistic labours, Ireland had not only become Christian herself, but had sent forth her sons, a host of missioners, to lead other nations into the fold.

Brigid was of the same race as Columba. From first to last she lived and laboured in the island of the Gael. Her missionary vocation led her into every province, and brought her into contact with the highest in the land as well as with the lowliest. She was consulted by bishops and visited by kings, and yet was so sympathetic and accessible that hunted slaves threw themselves into her arms for protection, and simple rustics ran to her for comfort in their homely troubles. The veneration paid to her was equal to that accorded to Patrick and Columba, while the affection which she inspired was unique in its tenderness. She who was so nobly entitled the "Mary of Ireland," the "Mother of the Churches," the "Glory of the Irish," was yet so personally beloved that for generations it was the custom of the western Gael to link her name with a term of endearment. How it was that she won the boundless devotion of an entire nation will best be understood by glancing at the story of her life.

In all probability both Duvach, Brigid's father, a chieftain in rank, and his wife were converts of St. Patrick, but it has not been recorded whether they were baptized before or after their daughter's birth, which took place about the middle of the fifth century. However this may have been, they gave her a significant and distinguished name: they called her Bridh or Brigid, after the deity whom the ancient Irish revered as the goddess of wisdom and song.

When of an age to be entrusted with the management of domestic affairs, Brigid was appointed to the duty of superintending the dairy, providing repasts for invited guests, showing hospitality to strangers, and distributing food to the poor. Her natural aptitude and her generosity of spirit had in this task full scope for their exercise. So kind was she to all God's creatures that it was remarked she would not suffer even a dog to go away hungry. Whenever any embarrassment arose in consequence of too liberal a disbursement, she had recourse to prayer; and Heaven, knowing how high and holy her intentions were, came to her aid in wonderful ways.

As a matter of course, Duvach's daughter, whose personal attractions were considerable, had many suitors. Brigid's thoughts, however, were otherwise inclined. She had early resolved to dedicate her life to God. A great number of her countrywomen had already taken a like step, moved thereunto by the preaching of Patrick, who himself said that he could not count all the sons of the Irish and the daughters of kings who were monks and virgins of Christ. There can hardly be a doubt that Brigid saw the Apostle of Ireland and heard him preach, though where or when cannot be ascertained. Her parents offered no serious opposition to her desire of embracing the religious state, and after some time, in company with three maidens of her acquaintance, she repaired to St. Maccaille, then exercising episcopal functions in Offaly, and residing at Usny Hill, on the borders of Westmeath. On arriving at their destination the aspirants were joined by four or five other pious women, natives of the place; and together, presenting

themselves before the venerable disciple of St. Patrick, they made their vows and received the religious habit—a white mantle and a veil of the same colour. In those days the assumption of the religious garb did not necessarily denote a separation from home and kindred, or a complete interruption of the routine of common life. For the most part the religious women who received the veil from St. Patrick and his disciples lived with their relatives. Yet it is probable that something more than the usual course may have been contemplated in the present instance. At any rate, the newly vowed nuns who resided in that part of the country joined their parents in entreating Brigid, and those who had come with her, to stay in the neighbourhood and occupy a dwelling in which all the religious should form one family. St. Maccaille also desired that this should be done, and at once selected a site for the monastic habitation.

To found a monastery was not a difficult achievement in those primitive and patriarchal times. A well-disposed prince or a friendly sept was asked to grant a piece of land for the community to occupy and cultivate; the vicinity of a spring-well or a running stream being one of the first essentials in a site. This favour granted, a party of the tribesmen, or the monks themselves in the case of a community of men, forthwith repaired to the forest—never far distant in the "woody isle"—cut and carried away some loads of wattles, and constructed on the chosen spot a cluster of huts, circular in shape, plastered with loam, and thatched with straw or sedge.

In such a rustic settlement as this Bishop Maccaille planted his religious family, appointing Brigid mother and head over all. Moreover, he helped to stock the farm by presenting the abbess with as many cows as there were members in her community. Contributions in kine and kind were received from other friends; and before long the nuns were prospering in their new settlement, tending their sheep, herding the cattle, cultivating their fields, dwelling in the midst of peace, and dispensing in

generous hospitality and beneficent alms the plentiful produce of their laborious days.

Churches were not numerous, although the faith had been propagated throughout the land; nor were priests resident in every territory. Consequently, at the approach of the great festivals, the faithful journeyed in pilgrim fashion to the monasteries or other settlements, where they knew they would have an opportunity to perform their devotions and receive the sacraments. Our saint, with her nuns, had sometimes in the early days of her institute to make a long journey when Easter-tide drew near. That she did more than make a pilgrimage and say her prayers, we learn incidentally from an account of what took place at a certain church in the territory of Teffia, to which she had come to celebrate the Resurrection of the Lord. Having arrived at the place, says the chronicle, "she took to washing the feet of the old men and the feeble folk who were in the church." Among the congregation were a leper and a blind man, and other afflicted persons. But when she performed the offices of charity in behalf of the poor members of Christ's flock, "those who were sick and maimed among them were straightway healed."

By this time a number of holy women had joined the community; the fame of the abbess had spread far and wide, and the monastery had become a centre of attraction to all. Everyone recognized the fact that Brigid was specially blessed in all her ways and works. Her pastures, it was observed, were more productive than other lands. Her harvests were gathered in sunshine, even while rain poured down on the surrounding fields. When she visited the sick and prayed over them, they recovered. When, having fasted and invoked God's mercy, she washed the lepers, they became cleansed. Evil spirits fled from dwellings in which they had taken up their abode when the holy woman entered the door, blessed some water and sprinkled the walls. Wisdom itself seemed to speak whenever she gave advice; angry feelings subsided in her presence; and she had that sweet persuasiveness which made all who approached

her willing to do whatsoever she desired. The Christians resorted to the monastery for help in all their necessities, many also coming who wanted nothing but her blessing; while the pagans, impressed by the character of the queenly woman whom charity urged to perform the lowliest offices, and struck with admiration of the beneficent power with which this great servant of the Christians' God was endowed, made their way to the place of her abode, and presented themselves for baptism.

At no great distance from the seat of St. Maccaille's jurisdiction resided another patriarch of the Irish Church, "Mel of the honeyed tongue," a native of Cambria, who came over with Patrick to assist in the conversion of the island, and was the constant and beloved companion of the Apostle in his missionary journeys north and south. Seeing what assistance was given in the work of conversion by Brigid and the pious women associated with her, St. Mel requested the abbess to come to his diocese, establish communities in different localities, and carry on in Teffia the mission that had been so blessed in the neighbouring territory.

Brigid gladly responded to this invitation, and, accompanied by the Bishop, repaired to Ardagh, with which place she became so intimately connected that she has continued to be invoked up to the present day as associated with St. Mel in the patronage of that ancient diocese. She must have remained for a considerable time in Teffia, for several incidents are related as having occurred while she was resident in that part of the country, or engaged in making journeys thence into outlying districts. Thus we read of her going to visit a king living in the plain of Breagh (the "magnificent plain" in which Tara is situated), for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of a captive. On another occasion she accompanies Bishop Mel to Teltown at a time when a synod of the Fathers of the Irish Church was being held at that seat of national assemblies and extensive traffic. Again we find her engaged on a mission to a tribe and territory near Carrickmacross;

and, when a scarcity of corn caused distress in her neighbourhood, we hear of her proceeding to the plain of the Liffey to seek at St. Ibar's hands the necessary supplies of grain.

This visit was the beginning of a great friendship between the saints. Brigid having obtained the assistance she required, went back to her own domicile, and, after some time, St. Ibar returned her visit, coming to the monastery and saying Mass for all who were there. Bishops were not unfrequent visitors at Brigid's residence. They often came, several at a time, to hold a consultation with the "head abbess of Ireland," or sought her hospitality as they passed in their missionary course through the country. The unexpected arrival of bishops with their attendant clerics might naturally occasion a momentary embarrassment to the pious community, but the abbess always showed herself equal to the occasion. Sometimes she would simply order the rather scanty supplies of meat and drink to be laid on the table, and then it would somehow or another turn out that all the guests had abundant refreshment, and were pleased with their entertainment. At other times she would direct the cook to make preparations for serving a banquet, and then would repair to the church and shut herself up in the sacred edifice. Meanwhile a chief would arrive with presents of provisions, or a carrier would halt at the wicket and offer supplies, or something else of an extraordinary nature would happen to provide the cook with abundant stores and furnish a suitable repast for the guests. It was still the same when a band o foot-sore pilgrims sought a shelter, or a prince in traveller's equipment drew rein before the monastic enclosure with his brilliant retinue and glittering host of spearsmen. The abbess received the wayfarers—the poor of Christ, or the rulers of the land—with a cordial greeting, spread for them her hospitable board, and suffered them not to depart until they were cheered, refreshed, and made in every sense the better for their stay.

So remarkable was the influence which this holy woman obtained over all who came into communication

with her, and so great the number of those whose hearts she turned to God, that it was considered necessary she should always have an ecclesiastic with her; and a priest named Nathfraich was appointed to accompany her on her missionary journeys. The servant of God who was chosen for this duty, and who is ranked among the saints of Ireland, appears to have also acted as domestic chaplain at the monastery, reading pious books to the nuns in the refectory, giving them spiritual instruction on every available occasion, and fulfilling, in a word, all the offices of priest and friend. From the fact of his always accompanying the nuns on their pious expeditions, and undertaking the conduct of the journeys, he is frequently called in history St. Brigid's charioteer. In those days chariot-driving was the usual mode of locomotion, and the saints followed the custom of the country in this as in many other respects. Once, when Nathfraich was required to deliver a homily and drive a pair of horses at the same time, the difficulty of combining two dissimilar duties was exemplified in a way that well-nigh proved disastrous. The incident, related at length by ancient writers, may be shortened thus. On a certain day, when the presence of the saint was necessary at a great assembly of the faithful in a distant place, she, with one of her nuns, set out in a chariot drawn by two horses. Nathfraich, acting as charioteer, was asked to give his travelling companions a religious instruction; and in order to be better heard he turned his head over his shoulder. Then said the abbess, "Turn round that we may hear you better, and throw down the reins." So the chaplain cast the reins down over the front of the chariot, and addressed his discourse to the nuns with his back turned to the horses. Just on the edge of a dangerous precipice one of the animals broke his traces, and ran off into the fields in an affrighted manner; yet so engrossed were Brigid and her companion in the sermon of the priestly charioteer that they did not perceive that the horse was loose, and the carriage running all on one side. The King of Leinster witnessed the occurence from a high hill, and recognizing

the saint's chariot, was much concerned to see her in such imminent danger. However, by a manifest interposition of Divine Providence, the travellers arrived safely at the place of assembly. Brigid, as we read, exhorted the people by pious admonitions ; while the rumour of her danger and subsequent escape having reached them, the minds of all present were filled with admiration and rejoicing.

It must not be supposed that our Saint was so absorbed in heavenly contemplation, so lifted up in exuberant spiritual delight, as to be unmindful of earthly things, or prone to treat the affairs of common life as beneath her concern. Many incidents related by ancient writers show how ready she was to sympathize and how quick to help. We are told that one day, observing a man who lived not far from the monastery looking downcast, she inquired what it was that troubled him, and learned that all his family were sick, that everything was going wrong in his little household, and that there was no one to milk the cows. Immediately she desired her nuns to go to the place, attend to the cattle, and set everything to rights. Grateful for the succour thus received, the good man invited the sisters to partake of a repast he prepared for them ; and they, with the courtesy they had been taught to show to all who wished to do them a favour, accepted the hospitality offered to them, and sat down to table when their work was done. Meanwhile Brigid, having fasted and prayed, came to the dwelling, sprinkled the walls and the sick inmates with blessed water, and besought the Lord to restore health to the ailing, and give his benediction to the household. When evening came the morning clouds had vanished, and all was peace and joy in that family. Another day, as she was proceeding on a journey in her chariot, she saw a poor family wearily carrying loads of wood in the heat of the day. Moved with compassion, she at once unyoked the horses from the chariot, gave them to the poor people to assist them in their work, and sat down with her nuns by the roadside, to consider what was next to do. A presentiment that thirsty wayfarers might soon pass by

seemed to strike her, for said she to her companions: "Dig under the turf, that water may spring up for the travellers;" which being done, a fountain straightway burst forth. Presently a chief rode up with a train of attendants on foot and on horseback, and he, learning that Brigid had given away her horses, presented her with a pair of his own. The animals were untrained, but they became as tractable under her management, we are told, as if they had been accustomed to the traces of her chariot. While this was going on a company of clerics passing by told the pious women that they were suffering much on their journey, having food, indeed, but no drink. Immediately the sisters informed them that running water had been provided for their refreshment by the abbess, who had predicted their arrival. This led to an offer of hospitality on the part of the holy men, which Brigid and her companions, who had not come prepared for their halt in the desert, gladly accepted.

Another characteristic of our Saint, it need hardly be said, was a boundless liberality in bestowing alms. Gifts presented to her by friends and visitors she gratefully accepted, and used them in enriching pilgrims, and relieving the needy and embarrassed. Sometimes the nuns were not well pleased to see precious offerings so hastily distributed; and once when the abbess gave away a gold chain bestowed on her by a royal visitor, they ventured to remonstrate. "Give earthly things to God," said Brigid in reply; "He will return you earthly and heavenly favours." A madman whom the nuns, to their no small consternation, encountered one day while travelling in the mountains, showed that he could understand as well as the sanest of mankind what the Saint's great charity entitled her to at the hands of all. She, having spoken to the demented creature, calmed and soothed him, and bade him preach the Word of God to those who stood before him. "I cannot," he replied, "be ungentle to thee, for thou art merciful to the Lord's family, to wit, to the poor and to the wretched."

Even the untamed denizens of the woods and wilds felt the charm of her gracious personality. Many are

the legends testifying to her power over the lower creation. Now it is a story of some wild animal pursued by hunters, flying to sanctuary in the monastic lands, and living ever afterwards in a domesticated state with Brigid's flocks and herds. Again, it is a picturesque scene, such as the Saint on the brink of a pond with a flight of wild ducks fluttering round her, coming at her call, and suffering themselves to be stroked by her hand.

This brings us to the last of Brigid's characteristics to which it is necessary to refer here, namely, her hatred of slavery. The fact of a fellow-creature being deprived of his liberty by an irresponsible tyrant, or subjected to a servile yoke in punishment for some trifling offence, touched her compassionate heart to its depths, and moved her to undertake his deliverance at any cost. Incidents connected with such enterprises abound in the story of her life. With the free step of a chieftain's daughter, yet with all the sweet modesty of a Christian virgin, she would enter the presence of king or kinglet, and say, in her frank and gentle way: "Wilt thou not set that captive free for me?" Probably her request would be granted, and the gracious prince would receive the Saint's thanks, and be the richer for her blessing.

Already we have had occasion to introduce as personal and highly-esteemed friends of our Saint three of the Fathers of the Irish Church, disciples of St. Patrick and bishops of his nomination, namely, Maccaille of Offaly, Mel of Ardagh, and Ibar of Beg Erin. There now comes upon the scene another patriarch of the early Christian period, likewise associated in holy friendship with the "chaste head of the nuns of Erin." This was St. Erc of Slane. At the period when he became acquainted with St. Brigid he was still engaged, like most contemporary bishops and abbots, in active missionary work, and took a leading part in the ecclesiastical movements and deliberations of the day. Having occasion to visit his relations in Munster, he wished Brigid and some of her companions to make a journey to the south at the same time; and the abbess, greatly

desiring to see certain holy persons and consecrated places in that part of the country, willingly undertook the expedition.

The place towards which the saints directed their steps was situated in the south-eastern part of Tipperary, and called Mag-Femyn, or the plain of Femyn. Multitudes came to see her and to ask her blessing and her prayers, while the sick and afflicted were brought from all parts to be healed and comforted by this favoured servant of God.

Limerick's plains are the scene of several interesting incidents in the life of our Saint. Here, we have localized the significant and characteristic legend of the harps, which, narrated with slight variations by sundry writers, may be given in the following version :—

While the blessed Brigid had her abode in Cliach plain, a district stretching over the country round Knockany, she went one day with her companions to visit a certain chief and obtain the release of a captive held by him in durance. When the travellers arrived at the rath or rampart-defended dwelling of the great man, she learned that he was not at home. He was away on some expedition attended by his principal officers and the harpers. However, the chief's foster-father and some of his sons were in the house, and they, receiving the visitors with all reverence and joy, offered them hospitality. After a simple repast had been partaken of, both hosts and guests continued an interesting conversation, in the course of which Brigid, observing the harps hanging on the wall, as was customary in great houses, requested the young men to play to her some of the ancient melodies of the country. "Alas!" replied the eldest, "neither I nor my brothers have practised the art, and the bards are absent." Then one of Brigid's companions half-jestingly bade him ask the abbess to bless his hands so that he might be enabled to harp for her. "Bless our fingers," said he, "good mother, and we will do all in our power to gratify you." She touched their fingers with the tips of her own, saying some prayers in a low voice; and when the young men

sat down to the instruments they drew from them such sweet and powerful melody as never was heard in that hall. So enthralling was the music that it seemed as if the performers never could tire of playing, nor the audience grow weary of listening. Meanwhile the chief and his retinue, returning home, heard the bewitching strains as they approached the rath, and wondered whence the rich melody proceeded. Entering the great hall they beheld the harps in the hands of the untaught musicians; but recognizing Brigid and her daughters in the midst, they ceased to wonder. The chief forthwith asked his honoured guest to bestow a blessing on him also, and this she readily promised to do provided that he would liberate the captive. Orders were at once given to have the prisoner set free, and the holy joy of the evening was complete. Not for the hour merely was the bardic gift bestowed on the favoured youths. They retained their power over the harp-strings as long as they lived. Their descendants inherited the gift, and for generations were harpers of renown in the houses of kings.

The western province, hitherto unvisited by St. Brigid, was now to be the scene of one of her active and successful missions. At what point she crossed the Shannon on entering Connaught cannot be determined; but it is certain that her pious labours were carried on principally, if not exclusively, in the plains of Roscommon.

Brigid, in all probability, would have extended her missionary journeys much further westward than the plains of Connaught had she not been recalled to her native province in a somewhat urgent manner. While she was still residing in Mag-ai a deputation of Leinster men crossed the Shannon, and, presenting themselves before the holy woman, represented to her that the Lagenians were much concerned at her long absence, and had sent them as envoys to entreat her to return without delay, found a central religious house, and fix her chief residence in the midst of her own people. So well did the Leinster men state their case and press the request of their compatriots, that the abbess acknow-

ledged the reasonableness of the view set before her, and dismissed them with the assurance that she would turn her steps homeward before very long. In due course, therefore, together with a few companions, she passed southward through the district she had first visited in Connaught, making for the Ford of the Moon (Ath-luan), the great pass between the provinces and a place of importance in connection with the pagan worship of the Star of Night. Emerging at this spot from the dense wood that clothed the west bank of the river to the water's edge, an ill-omened vision met the travellers' gaze. A band of Lagenians were engaged in battle with the Connacians, disputing the passage of the stream. Still, with the aid of a boat the nuns might hope to reach the opposite shore in safety. However, some ill-conditioned men who were there demanded so unreasonable a fee for ferrying over the wayfarers that the latter, rather than submit to the imposition, resolved to attempt the ford. Confident that the Lord would open a way to His servants, the nuns asked Brigid to bless the waters that so they might pass over. While they were thus deliberating, a party of clerics arrived in a boat, and, seeing the dilemma, offered to take one of the travellers across. The abbess desired a sister who seemed more timorous than the others to accept the kindness, while she and the rest stepped bravely into the stream, and to the astonishment of the people who were looking on got safely to the opposite side, the water not reaching to their knees. Meanwhile the cleric's boat, not so fortunate, sank in the middle of the current; but, protected by the Saint's prayers, the passengers escaped unharmed, and in the end rejoined on the Leinster shore the travellers who had ventured so courageously on foot through "spacious Shenan spreading like a sea."

Warm was the welcome awaiting the "dear Saint of Lagenia," when, about the year 490, she reached the territory of the tribes claiming her in a special manner as their own. This territory, now the county of Kildare, was called Caelan, that is, "the woody country"; and the name well described its physical aspect, for it was,

in fact, a continued forest, save in one part, where a gently undulating plain of extraordinary verdure presented a pastoral tract of unusual beauty and extent. The surface of this smooth expanse was varied here and there by the ramparted residence of some prince or chief, and by an occasional mound of artificial construction denoting the monument of an ancient king, or the burial-place of a host of warriors slain in battle; while its pastoral character was diversified by its periodic use as a place for popular assemblies and for the celebration of the national sports, in which both kinglets and tribesmen took vast delight. Among these sports racing, especially chariot racing, held a prominent place, and "Curragh," the name given to the grassy reach, indicated its association with the favourite amusement of the Gael. It would appear that the woodland growths had never intruded on this champaign tract; but at the north-western verge one giant of the forest, a majestic oak, stood out in advance of its comrades, forming in its solitary position a landmark for the traveller, and an object of admiration to the observer of the beautiful aspects and wondrous creations of nature. Brigid, in the words of an old writer, "loved the tall oak and blessed it," and resolved to take up her abode beneath its leafy shade. While she was considering how she could procure wherewithal to erect her group of monastic huts on the spot, there happened to pass by a train of one hundred horses laden with wattles and peeled rods, prepared in the adjacent woods for the use of the King of Leinster, Ailihill, son of Dunlaing. Immediately it occurred to her to ask the prince to bestow on her this treasure of building materials, and she despatched some of her companions to make the request. Ailihill graciously granted what was asked; and he did something more, for he sent men to stake the ground and interweave the wattles, and paid them while they worked under Brigid's directions.

As soon as it became known that the head abbess had established her residence at Cill-dara, the Cell or Church of the Oak, it followed, as a matter of course, that pious

women came from all parts asking to be admitted into the religious family, and allowed to join in the good work undertaken for God and the people of Erin. According as the community increased the cells became more numerous, and the monastery widened its bounds beyond the circuit of the great oak's waving boughs. In like manner the few fields which at first sufficed to pasture the sheep and cows of the new foundation and grow the necessary crops no longer answered to the needs of the establishment. The dynasts of the adjacent territories gave the abbess whatever land she required for tilling and grazing. Only one of the local lords, it would seem, met her request with a denial, and this exceptional case gave rise to an amusing legend. One day the too conservative chief stood on a rising ground overlooking the Curragh, and beside him was Brigid in her snow-white veil and flowing mantle, with four of her nuns in attendance. The great man had just declared that he did not see his way to granting the field in question to the monastery. "At any rate," said the abbess, "you will give me as much ground as my mantle will cover?" He could not say no; but the moment he said yes, the four sisters, taking hold of their mother's cloak, fled away swift as the wind, north, south, east, and west, covering the ground with the yielding vesture, until the owner of the soil, thrown into a state of consternation, implored the abbess to call them back before they had overrun the whole of Ireland. Brigid smiled at his insistence, called back the sisters, and having made some telling observations on the necessity of correcting an avaricious disposition, accepted the grant of the field which she had originally asked for, and which was now bestowed on her with more than good-will.

That Brigid looked well to the paths of her house in every direction we can have no doubt, but that she devoted particular attention to her flocks and herds is especially dwelt on by her early panegyrists. Sometimes when distinguished persons arrived at the monastery she was in the fields, and "came from her sheep" to receive the visitors. It was not an unheard-of thing for the

abbess to return home with her garments all wet with the rain that had fallen on her in the unsheltered ground. When the old writers record that Brigid was "mortified beyond all womankind," that she was constantly thinking of God and constantly mentioning Him, that she was hospitable and charitable to guests and needy people, they do not forget to add that she "loved sheep-herding and early rising." One translator of an ancient eulogy writes "watching" instead of "sheep-herding"; and we cannot help thinking that it is highly probable the abbess of Kildare was wont, like the shepherds on the Judean hills, to keep night-watches over the flocks; and that in the solemn evening hush, as well as in the joyous waking up of morning, her pious and poetic soul found food for meditation and inspiration for the hymn of praise that made perpetual melody in her heart. This idea throws a light on the lovely legend of Brigid and blind Dara, and we feel that the incident must have occurred while the abbess and the sightless sister were with the sheep on the Curragh downs one holy, happy summer night. The legend runs thus, in the words of an accomplished writer:—

One evening Brigid sat with sister Dara, a holy nun, who was blind, as the sun went down; and they talked of the love of Jesus Christ, and the joys of Paradise. Now their hearts were so full that the night fled away while they talked together, and neither knew that so many hours had sped. Then the sun came up from behind the Wicklow mountains, and the pure white light made the face of earth bright and gay. Then Brigid sighed when she saw how lovely were earth and sky, and knew that Dara's eyes were closed to all this beauty. So she bowed her head and prayed, and extended her hand and signed the dark orbs of the gentle sister. The darkness passed away from them, and Dara saw the golden ball in the east, and all the trees and flowers glittering with dew in the morning light. She looked a little while, and then turning to the abbess, said, "Close my eyes again, dear mother, for when the world is so visible to the eyes, God is seen less clearly to the soul." So

Brigid prayed once more, and Dara's eyes grew dark again.

Meanwhile the ever-increasing fame of the wonder-working Brigid drew to Kildare such a concourse of people of every rank and condition, anxious to see and converse with the abbess, or present her with gifts, or obtain her prayers, advice and assistance, that little time must have been left her in the end for the meditative seclusion of the breezy downs. Some of her friends and clients, who had been wont to journey from distant places to celebrate the great festivals at the monastery, conceived the idea of permanently taking up their abode in its vicinity. Some also who were anxious to have their children profit by the instruction which the nuns made it their first duty to impart to all comers, encamped within reach of the Cell of the Oak. While others, again, obeying the pious instinct to congregate round so attractive a centre of religious life, planted their homesteads within hearing of the bells. Nathfraich, faithful friend and chaplain, was no longer able to break single-handed the Bread of Life to the fluctuating but steadily increasing congregrations that gathered in for God's sake and Brigid's, and it became necessary to make adequate provision for the spiritual wants of the old converts, the children born in the faith, and the younger generation of catechumens still awaiting immersion in the saving waters of baptism.

The venerable pastors of the Church saw that it would be well to have a bishop resident at Kildare to assist Brigid in governing her churches, to consecrate them, to confer orders, and to perform all the functions of the sacerdotal office; and that as she was abbess above all other abbesses, the bishops with her at Kildare should be similarly above all bishops in her other monasteries. In testimony of the esteem in which the mother of the churches was held by the first Fathers of the Christian flock in Erin, the nomination was left to Brigid, and she was required to designate an ecclesiastic who should receive episcopal consecration, reside near her monastery, and discharge the sacred functions just

now particularised. The abbess immediately named a holy priest called Conlaeth, leading a secluded life on the banks of the Liffey, and desired that he should be summoned from his retreat to carry the pastoral staff to Kildare.

Conlaeth's installation at Kildare having been celebrated with all the solemnity and joy befitting the occasion, the new bishop, so lately hid in solitude, threw himself into the active life of the apostleship with all the ardour of an experienced missioner. The Christian life advanced with no tardy progression in those days, and he found himself in due course at the head of a body of clerics whose duty it was to serve the church and monastery, instruct the people at large, and teach in a great school or college to which youths of every rank resorted for religious and secular education. One of the alumni in this division attracted, in a casual but striking way, the notice of the abbess, who, it is evident, did not exclude the youthful seminarists from the range of her motherly sympathies. The student's name was Ninnid, and he was of the race of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Though engaged in serious studies, it would appear that his manners were still those of a giddy and frolicsome youth. One day as Brigid was crossing the Curragh on her way to a place lying not far off in an easterly direction, she met this student. As soon as he saw the reverend abbess he scampered off in a way that struck her as unbecoming, and she sent one of her religious to call him to her. Ninnid was not over eager to obey the summons. When he did come, and the mother asked him whither he was going with such speed, he pertly answered that he was running to the kingdom of Heaven. "I wish," said the Saint, without appearing to notice the want of deference in his manner, "that I deserved to run with you to that blessed place; but pray for me that I may one day arrive there." Touched by her words and her forbearance, the youth recollected himself, and made a respectful answer, saying: "O Saint, do you in like manner entreat the Almighty that my course towards the heavenly kingdom may be a constant one. In requital, I will pray for

you, with many other persons, that you may attain to immortal happiness." From that day forth Ninnid gave up his schoolboy ways, practised prayer and penance, and loved to converse with the holy abbess. She assured him that his true vocation was to the priesthood, and foretold that he should attend her in her last moments. "On the day of my death," she said, "I shall receive Communion of the Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ from thy hand." Ninnid replied: "Would that thou couldst live until thou receivest Holy Eucharist from me!" for he thought within himself that he would go abroad into a foreign country, so that, waiting for his return, she might live to extreme old age. Hearing that he it was who should administer the last sacraments to the dying Saint, he resolved never to soil the hand that was to convey to her the holy viaticum; and with this intention keeping thenceforth the hand perpetually covered, he received the name of *Ninnidh lam-glan;* that is, Ninnid the clean-handed.

Of course, the erection of a church sufficiently large to accommodate the nuns and the scholars and the population of the growing town had now become a necessary and urgent work. Brigid set about it with her characteristic energy, and there is reason to believe that her church at Kildare, when completed, was a remarkable one for the age, and second only to the Cathedral of Armagh in dimensions and beauty. Standing between the bishop's residence and the monastery, the sacred edifice added another charm to Kildare, attracting thither pilgrims and visitors of every grade, all of whom were cordially received and freely entertained by the religious. How this open-house style of hospitality was kept up it would not be easy to understand, did we not remember that Brigid was a wonder-worker and her cook Blatha a saint.

In Brigid's institute the duty of hospitality ranked next after the education of the poor. Indeed, in all the ancient Irish monasteries it held a high place, and was exercised in accordance with the most liberal and generous ideas. The religious seem to have had scriptural

instances always before their minds, and to have thought that in entertaining strangers they might receive, like Abraham, angel's visits unawares; or in pressing the traveller to come in, they might perchance welcome the Lord Himself, as did the favoured disciples at Emmaus. As soon as the approach of strangers was signalled at an Irish monastery, the whole establishment showed signs of a joyous expectancy. They were conducted to the hospice for travellers, where their feet were washed, while a hymn was sung and a short homily delivered. Then, a banquet having been prepared, they were ushered into the guest-room, where the superior of the house and some of the community sat down to table with them. In order that an air of festivity might universally prevail, all the religious received some addition to their ordinary simple fare; and if the day happened to be a penitential one, the fast was dispensed with. Even a saint, whose practice it was to fast daily until sunset except on Sundays and chief festivals, would sit down with the guests and pilgrims and eat together with them, in imitation of Christ.

An ancient legend brings before us, in a very picturesque way, the scene of an arrival of travellers at the Cell of the Oak. It is related that St. Broon set forth on one occasion to visit the abbess, bringing with him horses, chariots, and a considerable following of attendants. Night coming on when they were at no great distance from the monastery, the travellers had to halt in severe weather in the midst of a dense wood, and give up any idea of proceeding further. Presently an extraordinary vision appeared to them: a vision having all the vividness and comfort of a most pleasing reality. The monastery rose up before them, and they saw the Saint, with her companions, joyfully coming out to meet them. She led them into a large hall, took off their sandals, washed their feet, and refreshed them with abundance of meat and drink, setting Scotic cups (the Irish mether) before them. The nuns took care of the horses and vehicles, as it seemed, and placed beds for the travellers to lie on. After a comfortable night's rest, Bishop Broon and his

escort awoke, and were astonished to find themselves still in the woods, with no monastery or other habitation within sight. Meanwhile, at break of day the abbess called to her nuns to come and meet Bishop Broon and his companions, who had been straying through the woods during the night. So Brigid and the sisters set out, and, penetrating into the leafy solitude, soon found the travellers sitting down in the forest. The holy bishop now understood that a miracle had been wrought on Brigid's account; and all turning their steps forthwith to the monastery, thanked God for His fatherly providence and the happy termination of the journey.[1]

It is hardly necessary to observe that poor pilgrims and wayfarers met with an equally cordial reception at the Cell of the Oak. The needy and the afflicted were believed to be the Lord's own, and were treated as such. Indeed, whenever Brigid's manner fell short of its accustomed geniality, it was when persons of rank presented themselves before her with their artificial distresses and their low ambitions. "The poor and the peasants are almost all good and pious," she once said to a sister, who wondered why the mother, so accessible to the wives of peasants, refused to go to receive King Connal's daughter-in-law, when that royal lady came to the monastery to make a request; "but the offspring of kings," she added, "are serpents, children of blood and wickedness, except a small number of elect." However, this was quite an exceptional case. Kings and princesses usually met with a reception second only to that awaiting the sons of light—God's holy ministers, and the heirs of the kingdom of Heaven—the meek and humble of heart. And if the great folks were not zealous for the higher gifts, nor willing to seek first the kingdom of God, she would, nevertheless, try to procure for them some secondary blessing. There were seasons when the mighty ones of the land, arriving with their host of retainers and brilliant bodyguard, were truly welcome, and these were the seasons of Easter and Pentecost, which brought Brigid's royal friends to celebrate the holy

[1] Canon O'Hanlon: "Lives of the Irish Saints," Vol. II.

festivals at the monastery. Such visits were not uncommon.

King Ailihill has been already mentioned as a friend in need to the abbess. His brother, Illand, had likewise a great reverence for her, though he certainly was not a spiritually-minded man The princely brothers, sons of Dumlang, were baptized by Patrick in their youth, and they appear to have reigned conjointly for some time over the kingdom of Leinster. Illand was essentially a man of war, and Brigid's father was among the chieftains who followed him to battle. On one occasion the Saint went to the royal residence to visit the warrior king, having a request to make on the part of her father. When she and her nuns approached the dun, one of Illand's servants came and besought her to obtain his release from bondage, promising at the same time that if he regained his freedom he and his family would become her servants for ever, and make profession of the Christian faith, together with his kindred and posterity. The Saint said she would endeavour to obtain his manumission. Conducted into the presence of the king, she laid her father's petition before him, and then asked as a favour for herself that the man who had spoken to her might be set free. Illand answered that should he grant what she asked he would expect to receive at her hands some good thing for himself; whereupon she assured him that she would pray that he might obtain eternal life, and that kings of his line might reign to the end of time. Then said the prince, with astounding candour, "The life which I do not see I seek not; as for my sons who shall succeed me I have no care. Two other things give me, viz., that my days may be long in this present life which I love, and that I may be victorious in every battle." Brigid told him that these desires should be gratified in requital for the favours she entreated, and presently taking her leave, she gave her blessing to the king. Shortly after this interview Leinster's lord led a small army into the enemy's country, where he was met by a superior force of Ulster men. Seeing the disadvantage of his position, he called

aloud to his soldiers, desiring them to advance with courage and invoke the assistance of Brigid, who certainly would redeem her promise. Thereupon the Lagenians rushed to the encounter with cries that rent the heavens, and so terrified their opponents that they took to flight and left them in possession of the field. Thirty battles in Ireland, and eight or nine in Britain, were gained by the warrior king, and his alliance was sought by powerful dynasts. Even after his death his name was a terror to the enemies of Leinster. When the old foes swooped down to annihilate the hosts no longer led on by Illand, the Leinster men took the king's body from the tomb, arrayed it royally, drove a war chariot with the ghastly freight right into the hostile ranks, and reaped a victory which they attributed to the still enduring potency of Brigid's protection.[1]

Although the name of the dear Saint was shouted thus by an excited soldiery on the field of slaughter, nothing could be less attractive to her than the royal game of war. Of all the earthly blessings which she desired for the people gathered round her in the little city growing up beside the monastery, peace was the first in order. That this spot of earth should be secure from hostile invasion, free from civil commotions, and dowered with peaceful days, became the object of her efforts and prayers. In a word, she was resolved that not only should the monastic precincts, and the church with its adjuncts, be held inviolate, but that Kildare city should be a consecrated place, a sanctuary respected by all. Accordingly she took the necessary means for obtaining the desired privileges, and sent to her old friend and adviser, St. Ibar, requesting him to come to Kildare and mark out the boundaries of town and suburbs, within which the rights of sanctuary should be extended to all dwellers and to all comers. Inside these lines deeds of bloodshed and violence became impossible; those who fled thither were out of reach of infuriate foes; even fugitives from justice, should they come, might not be cruelly nor

[1] Rev. John F. Shearman: "Loca Patriciana"; and Canon O'Hanlon: "Lives of the Irish Saints."

even summarily punished, but should have time for inquiry, defence, repentance. Thus the Saint founded her city of refuge, and gave it a peace which endured, without a break, for full three hundred years.

Well may it be supposed that Brigid's relations with the people amidst whom she dwelt were of the happiest kind. Truly no sceptred queen wielded greater power, no tender mother attracted greater love and trust. The tribesmen to whom "the veiled virgin who drives over the Curragh" was a familiar and a beautiful sight, came to her in every sorrow, difficulty, and need; and she responded to their appeals in her own great-hearted way, praying for them, fasting for them, working heaven and earth to serve them and make them happy We find her so often going about doing good that we almost wonder how she had time for her religious exercises. But we know that the interior life cannot have been neglected, else she would not have been the saint she was. Furthermore, we have ample evidence that on the intellectual side she suffered no eclipse from her daily cares and manifold engagements. We can hardly picture her in the scriptorium, spending undisturbed hours composing a treatise in prose or giving voice to a poem; but we can easily fancy that in the pastoral quiet of the sheep walk, with the blue mountains on the horizon, and the dark forests in view, and the breeze chasing cloud shadows over the grassy plain, she might well clothe in words her pious thoughts, set free the imagination, and hymn the praises of the great Creator. According to ancient writers she wrote, besides the poem already referred to, several tracts on the ascetic life, a rule for the nuns of her own foundation, a letter to St. Aid, the son of Degill, dissuading him from travelling, and a treatise entitled "The Quiver of Divine Love." Father John Colgan had the last three in his possession when he published his *Triadis Thaumaturgae* in 1647.

The transcription and illumination of manuscripts was another work carried on at Kildare. The abbess took delight in this beautiful and invaluable art, employed scribes, and superintended their labours. One of the

books thus produced, the Four Gospels, in St. Jerome's version, was preserved at Kildare as the greatest treasure for hundreds of years. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion, says that among all the miracles in Kildare nothing appeared to him more wonderful than that marvellous book. He often saw and closely scrutinized the drawings, illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours, and always discovered fresh causes for increased admiration. In this wise was the book composed, says Cambrensis:—"Early in the night before the morning on which the scribe was to begin the book, an angel stood before him in a dream and showing him a picture drawn on a tablet which he had in his hand, said to him: 'Do you think that you can draw this picture on the first page of the volume which you propose to copy?' The scribe, who doubted his skill in such exquisite art, in which he was uninstructed and had no practice, replied that he could not. Upon this the angel said: 'On the morrow entreat your lady to offer prayers for you to the Lord, that He would vouchsafe to open your bodily eyes, and give you spiritual vision, which may enable you to see more clearly, and understand with more intelligence, and employ your hands in drawing with accuracy.' The scribe having done as he was commanded, the night following the angel came to him again, and presented to him the same picture, with a number of others. All these, aided by divine grace, the scribe made himself master of, and faithfully committing them to his memory, exactly copied in his book in their proper places. In this manner the book was composed, an angel furnishing the designs, St. Brigid praying, and the scribe copying."

As the day wore on, and the evening of life, with its solemn shadows and holy hush, began to close round Brigid, a new generation of saints arose to take the place of Patrick's first disciples. And as if to link her with a third generation of the primitive saints, Tighernach of Clones was brought to her in his infancy and reverentially laid in her arms. His mother was the daughter of a king of Ulster. His father, Corbre, a native of Leinster,

and a warrior in the service of the dynast, carried him soon after his birth into Leinster that he might be baptized at Kildare. It is related that when Corbre entered the guest house with the infant covered up and hid in his arms, Brigid beheld a watch of angels on the roof. She sent to inquire who had arrived, and was told that a young man was there. The abbess was not satisfied, and bade the messenger look again. "There is, in sooth," quoth he, returning, "a little babe in the young man's bosom." "Good is the babe," said she; and then Bishop Conlaeth baptized the infant while Brigid held him at the font.[1]

Several saintly women are named in connection with the abbess of Kildare as members of her community, or as disciples who profited by her teaching, and were sustained and encouraged by her, although their call may have been to labour elsewhere. For the most part we know them only by name. However, some few of the companions or disciples of our Saint have not been so completely enveloped in silence, and two among them must receive more than mention here. The first, Darludacha, while yet very young, attached herself to the abbess, followed her everywhere, and was called her *alumna*, or foster-child. Later on, though still in the Saint's company, she encountered a rude assault of the enemy; she was hurt with a wound of earthly passion, bravely strove to overcome the temptation, and in the end gained a heroic victory. Brigid, unsuspected by the soul in anguish, divined the nature of the trial, watched the struggle with sympathetic heart, and prayed for the sufferer. When Darludacha learned how the mother had striven for her with Heaven, she attached herself still more closely to her guardian, and became so perfect a disciple that she was regarded by the foundress as the one best fitted to undertake the government of the monasteries when she herself should be called away.

The other saintly woman whom we shall here refer to as united in holy friendship with the abbess of Kildare

[1] Most Rev. Michael Comerford: "Collections relating to the Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin."

was Edana, or Modenna, a native of Ulster, who lead for some time a solitary life in an island off the western coast, under the spiritual guidance of St. Ibar, and afterwards dwelt at Killeevy, where the ruins of her oratory may still be seen. From Brigid she received a silver shrine which was long held in great veneration. Later she led an austere and laborious missionary life in Scotland, founding many churches and monasteric institutions. "Edinburgh is commonly supposed to have been so called from a fort erected by King Edwin; but long before that monarch's time, St. Edana's sanctuary there was a place of pilgrimage, and it is, in truth, from this virgin saint of Ireland that the modern names of Maiden Castle and Edinburgh are derived."[1]

And now the end of this marvellous career drew nigh. This holy soul, this free and joyous spirit, this woman of high contemplation and many works, received the higher call; and summoning Darludacha to her, foretold that death was at hand, and laid upon her junior the burden of the monastic government. Darludacha was in despair, and besought the mother to ask God that she might rather die with her than survive the friend of her heart and soul. But Brigid, telling her that this could not be and that the work must be carried on, consoled her withal by assuring her that it would be for a short time only, and that after a year she would follow on the same day, so that they should be remembered together.

Meanwhile Ninnid *lam-glan*, being then in Rome on a pilgrimage, was admonished by a heavenly messenger to return home and attend the abbess in her last moments. Hastening over sea and land, the pilgrim reached Kildare; and he of the clean hand administered to the dying Saint the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord. Angels waited to carry the beatified soul to God; and when Brigid departed, her obsequies were celebrated by all the bishops and clergy of Ireland.

According to the "Annals of the Four Masters," this event occurred in the year 525. All authorities agree in naming the first of February as the day of St. Brigid's decease. Her festival has always been kept on that day;

[1] Cardinal Moran: "Irish Saints in Great Britain."

and even now in the Irish-speaking parts of Ireland February is called the month of Brigid's festival. St. Columba and his disciples, in diffusing the Gospel light throughout Dalraida, Strathclyde, and the hundred Isles of the West, spread devotion to St. Brigid wherever they went. Monasteries and towns took her for their patron; "the far Scotic Islands, the shrines of St. Bride," recalled her name; the Scots and the Picts, no less than the Irish, looked on her as second only to the Blessed Virgin Mary; she was held in such honour by these nations, as well as by Britons, Angles and Irish, that more churches were dedicated to God in her memory than to any other of the saints. Many noble families chose her for their protector. When the Douglas swore, it was by St. Bride. And when that heroic race—privileged to have the leading of the van of the King's army in the day of battle—rushed to the encounter, it was to the cry, *St. Bride for the Douglas!*

Far beyond the limits of our island fastnesses, the Irish missioners, dispersed over the continent, carried the name and fame of the Mary of Ireland. To them, in a great measure, was due the extraordinary veneration paid to her in every part of the Western Church. Brigid became one of the very few Celtic names of European popularity. Everywhere we meet the name, under various adaptations, of the gentle Saint who was universally known as the Glory of the Irish (*Scotorum Gloria*) And even in regions unreached by the swift-winged imagination of the ancient race—in the New World of the West, beyond the Atlantic billows, and in the New World of the South, seated in Pacific waters—the "Sea-divided Gael" still hold, with inviolable fidelity, the guardianship of her name and fame. Brigid has a niche in their churches; Brigid has a seat by their hearth. In the heart of the Irish at home and in exile an echo of St. Brogan's hymn resounds:—

> "There are two virgins in heaven
> Who will not give me a forgetful protection,—
> Mary and St. Brigid:
> Under the protection of both may we remain."

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The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The following paper was compiled, with the author's permission, from "Our Lady's Dowry," by the late Father Bridgett, C.SS.R.

"The contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation," wrote Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1399, "has drawn all Christian nations to venerate her from whom came the first beginnings of our Redemption. But we English, being the servants of her special inheritance and her own Dowry, as we are commonly called, ought to surpass others in the fervour of our praises and devotions."

Some have thought that this title arose from an act of donation or consecration, made by King Richard II., but, be this as it may, it is clear from the testimony of the highest ecclesiastical authority in England, making public appeal to well-known fact, that in the 14th century England was commonly called, throughout Europe, Our Lady's Dowry.

There are some who think that this title is one of England's greatest glories. There are others who reckon it to her disgrace. It is not our intention in the following pages to be the apologist of our forefathers, but rather to be the historian, simply putting on record evidence of their faith and devotion to our Blessed Lady. Yet we can hardly enter upon the subject with any profit to Protestant readers without giving, by way of preface, some few words of explanation and defence.

The veneration paid by Catholics to our Blessed Lady is technically called *hyperdulia*, as being greater in

degree than the honour given to other saints or to angels (*dulia*), and as distinguished from the worship given exclusively to God (*latria*). Many Protestants seem to suspect that these are distinctions *invented* by Catholics in self-defence: and especially that *hyperdulia* must be, even in the Catholic view, a veneration but one step removed from divine. It is, of course, the highest veneration after that of God. And yet, so far is it from encroaching on divine worship, that we may truly say that though all the honours paid to the saints tend to God's glory, yet *hyperdulia* gives to God incomparably more glory than simple *dulia*, for the reason that it exalts the Majesty of God in a more striking manner. We will try to explain this by examining its nature.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is venerated from a double point of view—in her relation as a saint to the God who is her beginning and her end, and in her special relation to the Incarnation, and through the Incarnation to each of the Three Divine Persons. We may say she is venerated as the Queen of the Saints, and as Mother of God. It is as Queen of Saints we will now consider her, and the honour we pay to her. Let us first get an accurate notion of sanctity, and then we shall comprehend what is meant by *dulia* and by *hyperdulia*.

There are many attributes of God which we are bound to imitate: "Be ye imitators of God, as most dear children." There are some which we are forbidden to copy: "Revenge not yourselves, for it is written, 'Vengeance is Mine.'" Now that which is above all—inimitable and incommunicable—is the independence of God. God is His own beginning, His own end, His own rule. Yet this is the very attribute of God which we are tempted to imitate; and sin is nothing else but this imitation—man taking himself and his inclinations for his rule, and making himself his end. "You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

On the other hand, the renunciation of this spurious imitating of God, the refusal to live for self, the constant taking of the mind and will of God for the rule of thought, and will, and act, the living for God only,—this is sanctity.

What, then, is the divine excellence which is the object

of supreme worship? It is an infinite excellence, which is independent and exists for itself.

What is the excellence called sanctity, which is the object of inferior worship? It is especially dependence, submission.

Though the saint is like God, yet the distinctive character of his sanctity is unlikeness to God in that of which God is jealous; and the more perfect he is in sanctity, the more perfect is this opposition, as we have just explained.

What then is *hyperdulia?* It is the recognition that the Blessed Virgin, just because she copied God most perfectly, usurped nothing of his incommunicable prerogative of independence; that she is highest because lowliest; that she is deserving of the highest honour after what is divine, because she was most perfectly what a creature should be.

There is no paradox in all this. When a servant is praised in the quality of servant, it is for virtues the very opposite to those praised in the master in his quality of master. There may be many points of likeness between them as men, but the ideas of master or servant exclude each other.

But in the saints this opposition which we have pointed out, this quality of dependence opposed to God's independence, does not merely affect some part of their lives—it enters into every act. It is the very character of Christian virtue, that it is done for God. Humility is not merely one virtue among many, it is of the essence of every virtue. If we praise the faith of a saint, we indicate the humility of his mind, captivating every thought into submission to the revealed mind of God. If we praise his hope, we mean that his heart was lowly, not trusting in itself, but in the strength of Him in whom it could do all things. His love is the humility of His will, subject in all things to the will of God, and making the infinite perfections of God all its good. And so with other virtues.

The theory of *dulia* and *hyperdulia* and *latria* may be somewhat subtle, but so is the theory of walking, while the practice is most simple.

Listen to a simple English woman writing five

hundred years ago. Mother Juliana was an Anchorite of Norwich who lived in the reign of Edward III. She has left a book of revelations in one of which she writes: "Wisdom and Truth made our Lady Mary to behold her God so great, so high, so mighty, and so good: This greatness and this nobility of her beholding of God fulfilled her of reverend dread, and with this she saw herself so little, and so low, so simple and so poor in regard of her God, that this reverend dread fulfilled her of meekness. And thus by this ground she was fulfilled of grace and all manner of virtues and *passeth all creatures*."

With Protestants then who know nothing practically of the Invocation of Saints, and who approach the subject with their minds warped by false representations, or at least with the vague idea of finding something like what is familiar to them in heathen worship as the greater and the lesser gods, it is a natural error to suppose the abolition of prayer to the saints would throw into sharper prominence the prayers addressed to God. In their minds the saints are like so many hills which rear their heads round the mountain of God. To exalt the hill is to make a rival to the mountain and to obscure the view of it. But with Catholics, if God in His infinite, uncreated, independent excellence is a mountain, the saints are valleys at its foot; and the deepest of these valleys, and that which by its very depth exalts the height of the mountain is the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. John saw in his vision "a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne One sitting." (Apoc. 4.) But also round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats four and twenty ancients sitting, clothed in white garments and on their heads were crowns of Gold. Now, according to the Protestant plan, it would have brought the throne of the Eternal into sharper prominence if the seats of the ancients had been removed and the golden crowns hidden away. But God had a far different plan of bringing His own throne into prominence. "The four and twenty ancients fell down before Him that sitteth on the throne and adored Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns

before the throne, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honour and power, because Thou hast created all things and for Thy will they were and have been created."

So acts the Catholic Church in her Litany which gives so much offence to Protestants. Her saints are crowned indeed, and sit on thrones around the throne of God; but the Church, after imploring mercy (*miserere nobis*) from each of the Persons of the ever Blessed Trinity, turns to the saints, and with her *ora pro nobis* begs them to fall before the throne of God, and, casting their crowns at His feet, help her to obtain mercy from Him who liveth for ever and ever.

Catholics, however, it is said sometimes, do much more than this. The language in which they address our Lady is often very similar, if not actually identical in certain expressions with that which is used in praying to her Divine Son. They ask our Blessed Lady and the saints, not only to pray for them, but also to give them this or that temporal or spiritual blessing, to help or defend them,—in a word, to interfere actively in their behalf as though they were themselves possessed of power and could bestow gifts and blessings according to their own will independently of Almighty God. Such is the inference which a Protestant draws from the language of Catholic devotion; and he refuses to believe us when we tell him that the true meaning of that language is, that we beg the saints to move Almighty God to give us the things we ask for. Yet Holy Scripture, if he would but study it with more attention, would supply him with instances of the same use of language. Thus we read in IV. Kings ii., 9, 10, that Elias said to Eliseus, "*Ask what thou wilt have me to do for thee,* before I be taken away from thee: and Eliseus said: I beseech thee that in me may be thy double spirit. And he answered, Thou hast asked a hard thing, nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee thou shalt have what thou hast asked. But if thou see me not, thou shalt not have it." Eliseus here asked what Elias could not possibly give him of his own power, yet the latter promises that he shall have it on the fulfilment of a certain condition. Eliseus asked a petition of Elias which none but God

could grant: so we too in like manner often call upon the saints to do what belongs only to the power of God. If the words of Eliseus do not attribute omnipotence to Elias, no more do our prayers ascribe omnipotence to the saints. Again, St. Paul exhorts St. Timothy to behave in a certain manner and gives him a solemn promise that "in doing this he shall both save himself and them that hear him." (1. Tim. iv. 16.) Yet nobody surely could ever misunderstand the Apostle's meaning, or accuse him of holding that Timothy could save both himself and his people without the help of God's grace. We are continually using the same kind of language in the ordinary affairs of life; for instance, we do not scruple to say to a physician who has been called in to advise in some desperate illness of a friend or relative: "You are our only hope." Or again, we hear it said of some eminent politician that in very difficult times he was the only hope of his country; yet in neither of these cases does any one dream of accusing the speaker of an intention to exclude the idea of Divine Providence overruling all, without whom the best human aid would be utterly useless. Such an expression therefore as "Thou art our only hope," addressed to our Blessed Lady in the devotions of a Catholic, means simply this, "Thou art our only hope of obtaining this from Almighty God. We have no confidence in ourselves, or our own worthiness or power, to obtain it without thy help."

And so in like manner, when the name of our Blessed Lady or any other saint is joined with the name of God in the same sentence, as for instance, "We put our trust in God and the saints," the word common to both is not necessarily applied to both in the same sense, and Catholics may fairly claim to be believed when they assert that they do not use it in the same sense. For here again we may refer our accusers to the language of Holy Scripture. Among the chief duties we owe to God are to believe in Him, to worship Him, to fear Him and to put our trust in Him. We cannot render these duties to another in the same way and with the same intention as we render them to God, without committing the heinous sin of idolatry. Nevertheless, it is written in the Book of Exodus (xiv. 31) that "the people believed

the Lord and His servant Moses." And in another place (1 Paralip. xxix. 20) "All the congregation bowed down their heads and worshipped the Lord and the King;" and again (Judges vii. 20) "they cried, the sword of the Lord and of Gedeon." And (I. Kings xii. 18) "All the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel."

In all these instances the same word is used in reference to God and to His servants; yet in a lower sense in the one case than it is in the other. The people plainly did not worship the king in the same way in which they worshipped God; nor could they have cried, "The sword of Gedeon" in the same sense and with the same confidence with which they exclaimed "The sword of the Lord." Indeed, they had confidence in the sword of Gedeon only because it was the sword of the Lord in Gedeon's hands. They worshipped the king because he was the Lord's anointed. They believed Moses because he was the Lord's representative and was invested with His authority. They feared Samuel because he was the Lord's minister. Thus the honour, the fear and the worship which they paid to the servants of the Lord really terminated in the Lord Himself. Why may not the language of Catholic devotion be understood in the same way?

But let us look into one of the passages we have quoted a little more closely, for it contains much to our purpose. It was when God had worked a miracle to vindicate the integrity of His servant Samuel that we read: "That all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel." God, at the petition of the prophet, had suddenly sent thunder and rain in the midst of the wheat harvest, that the people might know and see that they had done a great evil in the sight of the Lord in desiring a king over them. "And all the people said to Samuel: Pray for thy servants to the Lord thy God, that we may not die. . . . And Samuel said: Fear not; you have done all this evil; but yet depart not from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart, and turn not aside after vain things, which shall never profit you, nor deliver you because they are vain, and the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake. . . . .

And far from me be this sin against the Lord, that I should cease to pray for you, and I will teach you the good and right way. Therefore fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth and with your whole heart, for you have seen the great works which He hath done among you. But if you still do wickedly, you shall perish."

This passage contains all the principles on which the cultus of the saints is founded. God glorified His faithful servant by a miracle, to teach the Israelites that the one thing great is submission to Himself. Those who witnessed the power of the saint with God "greatly feared the Lord and Samuel;" and the immediate result was consciousness of sin and fear of its chastisements. This was taken advantage of to bring about reformation of life by the promise of pardon, conditional on two things, the intercession of the saint and fidelity in God's service.

The worship of the saint then neither excludes nor encroaches on the worship of God. It is part of it, and a very important part. The people who greatly feared the Lord and Samuel, and who asked Samuel to pray for them to the Lord his God, practised the only kind of worship of the saints which ever found encouragement in the Catholic Church. And Samuel at least saw no contradiction between such worship and serving God in truth and with the whole heart.

But we have already said more than we intended in the way of explanation and defence of the Catholic doctrine and practice with regard to the honour paid to the saints. It is time that we should turn our attention to that which is the more immediate object of these pages, viz., to show that the ancient Church of this country did not in any way fall short of the practice of the rest of the Catholic Church in her devotion to the Blessed Mother of God as the Queen of all Saints.

Collier, one of the fairest Anglican writers of Church history, has said "that the practice of immediate address to the saints, as far as we can discover, did not prevail in England until the tenth century. At this time, in the Homily of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, there is a direct prayer to the Blessed Virgin to intercede for them." Collier would not, we think, have

made an assertion which he did not believe to be true. Yet his statement is a striking example of the power of prejudice, to keep people from looking into facts. He found himself as an Anglican committed to the position that Invocation of Saints is "a fond thing vainly invented,' and he liked to fix the time of its invention as late as possible. He did not feel the absurdity of supposing that a practice like that of invoking the saints was suddenly adopted without opposition—nay, without consciousness of innovation, by Christians whose vital principle was to make no change in the traditions of their fathers. He did not see the utter impossibility that the Saxons, ever travelling to Rome and back, should have differed in faith or practice from the nations of the Continent. He had a controversial position to maintain, and he seems to have turned his eyes from evidence, or else to have persuaded himself that the writings of St. Aldhelm and Alcuin, though admitted to be genuine by all scholars, were really forgeries of a later age.

However this may be, it is certain that much more evidence than was possessed in the time of Collier has since been brought to light: *e.g.*, a MS. in the University Library at Cambridge, called the Book of Cerne, which belonged to Ethelwold, Bishop of Sherbourne in 760, contains the following prayer to the Blessed Virgin,—a clear monument both of the faith and devotion of the Anglo-Saxons as far back as the days of Venerable Bede: "Holy Mother of God, Virgin ever blessed, glorious and noble, chaste and inviolate, O Mary immaculate, chosen and beloved of God, endowed with singular sanctity, worthy of all praise, thou who art the Advocate for the sins (peril) of the whole world; O listen, listen, listen to us, O Holy Mary. Pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to help us. For we are confident and know for certain that thou canst obtain all thou willest from thy Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty, the King of Ages, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen."

Venerable Bede himself calls her "the Mother undefiled, the Virgin blessed beyond compare," and, in his

discourse on the Visitation, manifests the exalted idea he had conceived of her sublime sanctity.

St. Aldhelm calls her "the garden enclosed," "the fountain sealed up," "the one dove amid the three-score queens," and many other titles culled from the mystic Canticle of Canticles.

The grave Alcuin writes verses in which he names her, "his sweet love, his honour, the great hope of his salvation, the Queen of Heaven, the flower of the field, the lily of the world, the fountain of life," and calls upon her to help her servant.

Ælfric (10th century) bids us "be mindful of how great dignity is the holy Maiden Mary, the Mother of Christ. She is blessed above all women; she is the heavenly Queen, and the comfort and support of all Christian men. Our old mother Eve shut to us the gate of heaven's kingdom; and the holy Mary opened it again to us, if we ourselves by evil works shut it not against us. Much may she obtain of her Child, if she be fervently thereof reminded. Let us, therefore, with great fervour pray to her, that she mediate for us to her own Child, who is both her Creator and her Son."

St. Aelred, two centuries later, commenting upon the words of Ezechiel (xliv. 1) as to "the gate which looks towards the east and was shut," says: "The most holy Mary is this eastern gate. For a gate which looks towards the east is the first to receive the rays of the sun. So the most Blessed Mary, who always looked towards the east, that is, towards the brightness of God, received the first rays or rather the whole blaze of light of that true Sun. This gate was shut and well guarded. The enemy could find no entrance, no little hole whatever." And again: "She was the first of the whole human race who escaped the curse of our first parents."

St. Aelred writes also elsewhere as follows: "Our great care should be that we so conduct ourselves towards the Blessed Virgin as that she may be willing to undertake our cause with God. What then shall we do? What offering shall we present to her? Oh! that we could only pay her at least what we strictly owe! We owe her honour; we owe her service; we owe her love, and we owe her praise.

"1. First we owe her honour, since she is the Mother of our Lord; for he who does not honour the Mother, without any doubt dishonours the Son. Again the Scripture says: Honour thy father and thy mother, and is not Mary our Mother? Certainly she is most truly such. Through her we have been born, through her we are fed, through her we grow. Through her, I say, we have been born, not to the world, but to God; through her we are fed, not with natural milk, but with that of which the Apostle says: I have given you milk, not strong food (1 Cor. iii. 2); through her we grow, not in size of body, but in strength of soul. Let me explain this birth, this milk, this growth.

"We were once, as you believe and know, in death, in decay, in darkness, in misery. But through the blessed Mary, much better than through Eve, we have been born, because from her Christ was born. She is the Mother to us of life, of incorruption, and of light. Does not the Apostle say that Christ is made to us by God wisdom and justice, sanctification and redemption? (1 Cor. i. 30). She then, being Mother of Christ, must be mother of our wisdom, of our justice, of our sanctification, of our redemption. Is she not then more our Mother than the Mother of our bodies? And does she not also feed us with milk? The Word of God, the Son of God, the Wisdom of God, is bread; He is solid food. Only strong ones, like the Angels, could eat of that food; we who are little ones, could not partake of food so solid; we were on earth and could not ascend to eat of that heavenly bread. What then has been done? That bread descended into the womb of the Blessed Virgin, and there was made milk, such milk as we could drink. Think of the Son of God in Mary's lap, in Mary's arms, at Mary's breast, and He has become milk to you. And this our good Mother provides for us. Again, think of Mary's chastity, her charity, her humility; and after her example grow in chastity, in charity, in humility; so imitate your Mother.

"2. But, secondly, we owe Mary service, since she is our Lady. The Spouse of our Lord is surely our Lady; the Spouse of our King is surely our Queen. Therefore, let us serve her, for the Apostle commands: 'Servants,

be subject to your lords in all fear.' (1 Pet. ii. 18.) And, if he disobeys God's precepts who does not serve his carnal masters, without doubt they also deserve blame who do not serve the spiritual mistress. But how must we serve her? Brethren, no service pleases her so much as this—that with all love and affection we humble ourselves before her Son; for all the praise and service we give her Son she counts it as her own. Let no one say: 'Though I should do this or that against the Lord, I do not care much; I will serve holy Mary and be safe.' It is not so. When a man offends a son, he thereby offends the mother. But if, after our sins, we wish to be reconciled with our Lord, then we must needs have recourse to her and commit our cause to her.

"3. Thirdly, we owe her love. She is our own flesh; she is our sister. Do I seem presumptuous? Nay, the Son of God, because He is the Son of Man, is our brother. Let us love her, since she loves us. Indeed, we ought to love that sister whose sanctity, whose benignity, whose purity, have profited not her only, but all of us.

"4. Lastly, we owe her praise. Scripture bids us praise God in His saints. If the Lord is to be praised in those saints by whom He works miracles, how much more is He to be praised in her in whom He—the wonder of wonders—was made flesh! If they are to be praised who keep their chastity, how much she who chose virginity and received fruitfulness as its reward! If they are to be praised by whom God raised the dead, how much more she by whose sanctity the whole world has been raised from death eternal! Let us then praise her with our mouths and beware lest we insult her by our acts. He gives but feigned praise who cares not to imitate what he praises. He truly praises Mary's humility who strives himself to be humble. He truly praises her chastity who execrates and scorns all impurity and lust. He truly praises her charity whose whole desires and efforts are to love both God and his neighbour with a perfect love."

In this passage St. Aelred does not speak of asking our Lady's intercession in our needs. I add therefore,

another extract from the same sermon: "With gladness let us celebrate the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary that she may intercede for us to our Lord Jesus Christ. Wonderful is the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is our Judge, and He knows that we are wretched and of ourselves can bring no good cause before His tribunal. He is indeed merciful and wishes to show us mercy. Yet He cannot but judge justly. . . . . Let us offer Him our prayers; let us beseech Him; 'Enter not into judgement with Thy servants.' But it is not enough to offer Him our prayers only. Let us seek her help whose prayers He will never despise. Let us go to His Spouse, to His mother, to His perfect handmaid. Blessed Mary is all this. Therefore with joy let us celebrate her festival that she may intercede for us with our Lord. If, by the grace of God, we have done anything good, if, she present it to her Son, He will not despise it; and for the evil we have done without doubt she will obtain pardon. . . . . The greatness of Mary's love for men is proved by the many miracles and many visions by which the Lord deigns to show that she especially intercedes with her Son for the whole human race. It is in vain for me even to attempt to show how great is her charity; no human mind is able to conceive it."

This and much more we find in the writers of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and thus they tried to express the idea of absolute sinlessness and perfect excellence which had been impressed on their minds by their first teachers in the Faith, and which was developed by their constant study of Holy Scripture and their meditation on the mysteries of Redemption.

There were among them no native heresies to be refuted, no tongues pretended to honour the Incarnate Son of God by slighting and depreciating His chosen mother. Having therefore no controversy to sustain, they do not refute opinions which it did not occur to them to imagine, nor make assertions where there was no denial. They neither assert, nor much less deny, the exemption of our Lady from the stain of original sin. They speak of her immaculate purity in terms which may well include that grace; but not until it had been

denied were English writers zealous in its defence. Then, indeed, many of them wrote learned dissertations against the opponents of Mary's singular privilege, and none were more zealous than the English in celebrating the Feast of the Conception.

It was at the beginning of the second half of the twelfth century that the news reached England that the famous Abbot of Clairvaux, St. Bernard, had opposed the celebration of this feast in the Church of Lyons (1140). As was natural, his opinion would be embraced by many of the Cistercians who were now just celebrating their first foundations in England; and this would arouse the zeal, if not the indignation, of the great Benedictine abbeys which shared the reproach of innovation addressed by St. Bernard to the Church of Lyons.

Among those who took up the pen in defence of the feast and of the doctrine it involved, was Nicholas, prior of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, or perhaps of Wallingford, a cell dependent on St. Alban's. His original treatise or letter is lost, but we have part of a correspondence to which it gave rise between him and Peter, abbot of St. Remi, and afterwards bishop of Chartres, more commonly known as Peter of Celles. This correspondence or controversy is very interesting, and shows clearly what were the grounds of the opposition to the feast in the twelfth century, and that it was not until a later period that the opposition had the form of a dogmatic denial of Mary's singular privilege.

Peter begins by the remark that, however beautiful and seductive the things which Nicholas had written about the Blessed Virgin, they were wanting in the solid foundation of authority. He then draws a contrast which will surprise us at the present day between "English levity and too great fickleness in vain and fanciful speculations," and "French maturity which is more solid." After developing at some length his own immovableness from the ancient ways, Peter declares his entire devotions to the Mother of God, and his conviction that the Blessed Trinity never brought from the divine treasure-house anything so excellent except the Humanity of the Word Incarnate. "This," he says "I confess in my heart and profess with my lips. You profess

the same, though with more vehemence, perhaps with too great vehemence. You pour yourself out in praise of the Blessed Virgin. Well, so do I and even to overflowing. You wish to honour her Conception, and I even her Predestination. You honour the rose, I even the stalk that bears it. You praise the flower and the fruit, I even the leaves and the bark, &c. I will ever take part in all assemblies in which our Lady is worthily honoured, whether the commemoration is termed Conception, or Nativity, or Assumption or called by any other name."

He then explains that his only objection is the novelty of the feast now introduced. "But perhaps you will say, do you, a mere Abbot, dare to fill up the wells of ever-springing devotion, or forbid them to be dug deeper? Do not the moderns drink of the same Holy Spirit as the ancients? The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin was not solemnised at the beginning of the Church; but as the devotion of the faithful increased, it was added to the other solemn festivals. Why then should not the zeal of Christian devotion now add the day of her Conception?

"To this, I reply: I would far more willingly open the cataracts of Heaven, and the fountains of the deep in honour of the Virgin than close them. Nay, if her own Son, Jesus—were such a thing possible—had left undone anything for the exaltation of His Mother, I, her servant and her slave, would try to make it up if not in effect at least in affection, and would rather have no tongue than use it against our Lady. I would rather have no soul that diminish anything of the glory of hers. No doubt it ever was lawful and ever will be lawful for the Church, the Spouse of Christ during her sojourn in the world, according to the changes of times and of persons and of things, to vary her decrees and to find new remedies for new diseases and to appoint new festivals for her Saints. But gold and silver have a mint in which they must be coined—the seat of Peter and the court of Rome, which holds the principality and the keys of heaven. It belongs to her to open to us, in the dispensation of God, the secrets of God's counsels, and the oil of grace runs down from the head (Aaron) to the borders of his vestment.

"This seat of Peter, in which Moses sits, that is, in which resides the immaculate law which converts the soul, this is the Rock which falls and crushes the gatherings of the heretics, which stops all profane novelties of word, which cuts off what is superfluous and fills up whatever is incomplete. I should then be glad indeed, if this Mistress and directress of Christendom with the authority of truth had weighed in the scales of a general consultation and had approved this festival of our Lady's Conception, and had propagated it from sea to sea. If the sun, that is the Pope, and the moon, that is the Roman Church, had gone before, then no less quickly than securely would I have walked in their light, without fear of slipping or stumbling."

In a subsequent letter Peter writes: "I believe, I say, I maintain, and I swear that the most Blessed Virgin was endowed with special privilege in her eternal predestination, nor from the moment of her Conception did she suffer the slightest stain but remained ever and persevered to the end in spotless integrity; and as she was blessed beyond human nature, so are her perfections sublime and hidden beyond human thought."

After this explanation, he might well conclude that there was little real difference between his sentiments and those of his friendly opponent.

"You praise the Blessed Virgin; so do I. You say that she was holy; so do I. You exalt her above the Choirs of Angels; so do I. You assert that she was free from every sin; so do I. You maintain that she is the Mother of God and our advocate with God; so do I. Turn hither or thither as you will in your veneration and glorification of Mary, I go with you. But if you wish to strike a new coin different from that which is in common circulation and without the approval of the See of Peter to whom it belongs to approve or disapprove the order of the universal Church, then I hold back nor will I pass the bounds marked out. I believe and confess that there are more things unknown about this most holy Virgin than are known, for her grace and glory are high above our reach. Still I believe in the Gospel, not in dreams: and if in anything I be otherwise minded, that also will God reveal, (Phil. iii. 5) when and how He may please."

St. Vincent Ferrer,

*Of the Order of St. Dominic.**

BY

REV. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O.P.

During the reign of the famous English warrior king, Edward III., so popular among his subjects for his deeds of prowess against the French in the battles of Agincourt and Poitiers, a child was born in Spain who was to be a conqueror even more renowned, though in a different sphere, than the great Edward himself. This was Vincent Ferrer, the most wonderful Christian hero of the fourteenth century.

He was born in Valentia, in the south west of Spain, on January 23, 1357, just two years after the victory of Poitiers, when John, king of France, became the prisoner of the Black Prince. Vincent's father was a notary of the city of Valentia, a man of substance and reputation, well known for good religious principle and his charity

* The facts here related about St. Vincent Ferrer are taken from the life of the Saint written by Father Peter Ranzano of the Order of St. Dominic, who published his work in the year 1455, the year of the canonization of St. Vincent by Calistus III. Father Ranzano had the advantage of consulting the various processes drawn up by order of the Holy See for the canonization. Afterwards, in 1478, Sixtus IV. made Father Ranzano a Bishop in Italy.

to the poor. It was his custom every year to make a careful calculation of how much was required for the support of his family, and to bestow all the rest in works of charity. One of his sons, Boniface by name, became a distinguished lawyer, and after the death of his wife, entering the Carthusian Order in the Convent of Portacæli, near Valentia, was elected the General of the whole order.

But the flower of the family was Vincent. In his early years, when reason began to dawn, his obedience, sweetness of temper and precocious diligence were noticed by all as tokens of his future holiness. The one pastime he seemed thoroughly to enjoy was to collect his little companions around him, and after making the sign of the Cross, to imitate in childish tones the words and gestures of some preacher he had heard. At twelve years of age he showed remarkable talents, and easily surpassed his school-fellows in every branch of study, as well as in diligent application. His life as a youth was marked by a graceful innocence, which seemed to beam from his face and make him the favourite of all. He was endowed with so singularly happy a disposition that virtue appeared almost natural to him. The influence of his truly Christian home seconded the special grace he received from God, and his parents did their utmost by word and example to encourage the good dispositions they saw in their beloved son. Following their example he began at an early age constantly to visit the various churches of the city, to hear Mass often, to listen to sermons, to fast religiously, and to join constantly in the praises of God. Among other pious practices, his parents taught him to fast every Wednesday and Friday, a habit he persevered in till the end of his life.

One of his chief delights was to listen with intense eagerness on every opportunity to the preaching of the Word of God, and when in sermons he heard anything in praise of the glorious Virgin Mother of God, his soul so overflowed with joy that he could not restrain his tears. He would also weep abundantly whenever he

read anything about the Passion of our Lord, or when he heard a preacher speak of that sacred mystery. From early youth he had formed the pious habit of reciting the office composed in honour of the cross of Jesus Christ, and the little office of our Blessed Lady. Charity towards the poor was also conspicuous in Vincent from an early age, his custom being to bring the poor into his father's house to supply them with food, waiting on them himself with sweet humility. The money given him for his own use he bestowed at once in alms to the poor.

Not only was Vincent remarkable for goodness and early piety, but he also excelled in learning. He was gifted with unusual talents, his memory was wonderfully tenacious and accurate, and to these natural gifts he added continual diligence in study. When twenty-two years old he surpassed all others at Valentia in his knowledge of philosophy and theology, and his modesty equalled his learning. He was never known to dispute or contend with any one, and strove to conceal, rather than to display, his abilities. These good qualities made him a general favourite with all who knew him.

When Vincent was eighteen, he decided to enter the Order of St. Dominic, much to the joy of his father and mother. Accordingly, his father himself took him to the convent of the order in Valentia where he was received by the prior and all the community with the utmost joy, and was clothed in the habit of religion on Sunday, Feb. 5, 1374. His first care in the novitiate was to become well acquainted with the life of his new Father, St. Dominic, in order that he might imitate, as far as possible, the virtues of that great saint. Besides the other religious virtues he noticed in St. Dominic, he was particularly struck by his love of sacred learning; and after his profession, which took place the next year, 1375, he gave himself with the utmost earnestness to the study of theology and to reading the Holy Scriptures, in order that in due time he might be fit to preach the Gospel far and wide. If there is anyone still inclined to believe the old woman's story

of the Bible not being known in the middle ages, he may be surprised to find that the great lesson St. Vincent learnt from St. Dominic's life was a love of the Holy Scriptures. He studied them with extraordinary diligence night and day, until he knew them almost by heart, and could quote them on every occasion. He was never idle for a moment, his whole time was divided between prayer, study and the duties of any office confided to him in the convent. In all he did and said, a profound and admirable humility was conspicuous, while in his conversation he was distinguished for charity to all. Young as he was, the prior appointed him to teach the students, and he held this office for three years with so high a reputation, that as many as seventy young laymen obtained leave to attend his lectures. After these three years, the prior, thinking that so promising a young professor ought to have every advantage, sent him to complete his own studies in Barcelona and Lerida, in both of which places there were at that time theologians of the hightest repute. The consequence was that Vincent, when only twenty-four, wrote a book on philosophy, and when twenty-eight received the degree of Doctor or Master in Theology from Cardinal Peter de Luna, then Legate to the Kingdom of Spain. This degree was conferred upon him in 1384.

It was here at Barcelona that the first instance is recorded of that gift of prophecy for which afterwards he became so remarkable. Besides pursuing his studies, he was employed in preaching the Word of God in the city of Barcelona. It happened at this time that a famine was imminent, the result of bad harvests. Such was the alarm among the authorities of the city that public prayers and processions were ordered, to implore the assistance of heaven to avert the threatened scourge. Vincent was preaching at the time of these public processions to an immense throng of people. Suddenly, inspired by God, the young preacher exclaimed: "Citizens of Barcelona, unite in earnest thanksgiving to God for His goodness to you; before night, two large

corn ships will enter the harbour of your city!" The people believed and rejoiced, but those in authority shook their heads, and the corn merchants declared the thing to be impossible, no supplies being expected for many days, especially as the weather had been very stormy. The prior of the convent and all the fathers blamed Vincent for the great imprudence of which they considered him guilty. He replied very meekly, but persisted that he had spoken the truth, and before sun-set, to the surprise of all, the two ships sailed into the port.

After Vincent had received the honourable degree of Master of Theology, he was recalled by his superiors to the convent of Valentia, and as he approached the city he was met by a large number of the chief inhabitants anxious to welcome him home. A few days after his arrival, the bishop and cathedral chapter, together with many of the city magistrates, begged him to give public lectures on Scripture and Theology. He expressed his willingness to comply with their request; and having obtained the leave of the provincial, he at once began to lecture on theological subjects, and also to preach the Word of God to the people. This good work he continued for six years with the greatest success. His fame travelled far and wide, and many used to come from neighbouring towns and villages to hear the words of wisdom that fell from his lips.

II. His Miraculous Apostolate.

Before describing the miraculous apostolate of St. Vincent, it is necessary to say a word as to the state of Christendom at the time—that is, at the end of the fourteenth century. Two terrible scourges had inflicted most serious evil on the Church. The first was the awful pestilence called the Black Death, which devastated the whole of Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century. It is difficult to exaggerate the fearful effects of this epidemic: it is actually declared that it killed one-third

of the whole population of the world. It entered towns and villages as a fell destroyer, leaving them almost empty when it departed; it swept away high and low, without respect to persons; it emptied the monasteries and convents, leaving them sometimes without an inhabitant. One effect of the loss of life caused by this terrible pestilence was, that in order to fill up the far more than decimated ranks of the clergy, both secular and regular, men were in many places accepted quickly and without due caution, and thus often without true vocation. Laxities and irregularities were the natural consequence; and the evils caused by this state of things were probably one reason of the special mission of St. Vincent, for he not only instructed and converted the laity, but worked also a striking reform among the clergy and in the religious orders where he found it needful.

The second evil under which the Church then groaned was even more serious. There was a dreadful schism among Christian people: at one time as many as three different men claimed to be the head of the Church and the lawful Pope. When Urban VI. was elected Pope, in 1378, a certain number of the Cardinals dissented, declared that his election was invalid, and proceeded to elect another, who took the name of Clement VI. Urban VI., the true Pope, reigned in Rome, while the anti-pope, Clement VI., sat at Avignon in the south of France. To make the evil worse, some Cardinals, discontented with both elections, met at Pisa, and chose another anti-pope called Alexander V. It was by no means easy at the time to know which election had been valid, and to discern the true head of the Church. France and Spain supported Clement and his successor Benedict at Avignon; England during all the thirty-six years of this heartrending schism remained faithful to the true Pope. The evils arising from this scandal were many and grievous; St Vincent was one of those raised up by God's good Providence to bring the schism to an end and to remedy its effects.

The first occasion on which St. Vincent was connected

with these matters was when the famous Peter de Luna, a Cardinal belonging to the court of the anti-pope, Clement VI., was by him appointed Legate to Charles VI. of France. Cardinal Peter de Luna had heard much of the learning and virtues of Vincent, and therefore obtained permission from the superiors of the order to take him as his consultor and theologian during his sojourn at the French court. After his return, the Cardinal still desired to keep him attached to his own household, but Vincent was delighted to return to his convent in Valentia, and resume his favourite work of preaching.

But his peaceful life was soon interrupted, for on September 16th, 1394, Clement the anti-pope died, and Peter de Luna was elected in his place, on the 28th of the same month, taking the name of Benedict XIII. The true Pope at this time was Boniface IX., who had been elected in Rome in 1389. Almost the first act of the anti-pope, Benedict XIII., was to send letters and messengers to Valentia to summon Vincent to his court at Avignon. Though Benedict was not the lawful Pope, he certainly showed a good spirit in sending for the Saint, in order to be guided by his holy counsels. As above stated, Spain adhered to the cause of the Avignon anti-popes, and St. Vincent, like other Spaniards, believed Benedict XIII. to be the true Pope. Vincent therefore had no choice except to obey the summons to Avignon, where he was received with great honour and appointed the Pope's confessor and Master of the Apostolic Palace, an office always occupied by a Dominican. He spent two years at Avignon, leading a life of singular holiness. Men noticed his continued diligence, his whole available time being spent in prayer, study of the Scripture and preaching, combined with many works of charity and frequent fasts. All considered him a saint, and many sinners were converted by him to God.

St. Vincent no doubt thought that Benedict XIII. was the real Pope, still the schism was a constant source of misery to him and to all who loved the glory of the Lord's

house. Many efforts had already been made by men high in Church and State to remedy the evil, but without success, and now the eyes of all began to turn to Vincent as the one best able to cope with an evil so vast and so complicated. He advised Benedict to collect all the most learned men and the prelates most skilled in Canon Law, that the difficult question of the election might be thoroughly discussed and examined. This advice Benedict acceded to, and the conference deliberated for some months as to the best way to end the schism. Another bolder counsel Vincent gave his master was to resign his dignity, in order thus to prevent discord and schism. This advice Benedict could not see his way to adopt, perhaps honestly believing that his election was valid, and that it would be culpable weakness not to maintain his position. Meanwhile, Vincent exerted himself in every way, and amongst the rest he visited many cities of France and Spain to influence men's minds on the side of peace. He went to confer with the Emperor, the Kings of France and Navarre, and many other leading men, as also with numerous bishops and prelates in various countries. But the schism continued until within two years of his death, when it ended as will be afterwards explained.

His labours to promote unity, and the agony of mind he endured in seeing the seamless garment of Christ rent by the schism, affected Vincent's health and endangered his life. He fell grievously sick of fever at Avignon, when he had been Master of the Apostolic Palace for two years. After twelve days his illness had so much increased that his life was despaired of by the doctors. Joyfully was he welcoming death, when a wonderful event happened. The humble cell in which he lay, expecting death, was suddenly filled with heavenly light, and he saw Jesus Christ Himself shining like the sun, surrounded by a multitude of angels, while near our Lord were His two glorious servants, St. Dominic and St. Francis.

After filling the soul of Vincent with unspeakable joy

by many loving words, the gracious Master said: "Take courage, Vincent, My servant, and give not way to this anguish of mind. As I have been with you in temptation to deliver you, so will I be to the end; and now will I free you from the agony of soul that is killing you. Before long peace will be restored to the Church. For yourself, leave the Court of Benedict, for I have chosen you as the herald of the Gospel, and My Will is that you should go through all Gaul and Spain, preaching the Gospel with humility and in poverty, and, after saving many souls, you will die at last in a distant land. My Will is that you should boldly reprove the sins of men, and bid them prepare for the great judgment. Though wicked men will oppose you, fear nothing, I will be with you." Saying many such like words, Christ our Lord touched His servant with His sacred Hand, and Vincent rose from his bed with renewed health and strength.

His first thought was at once to go to Benedict, and crave permission to depart on his mission, but he found that the Pope had already arrived at the convent, having heard that Vincent was dying. His joy at finding him restored to health was as great as his astonishment. But that joy was quickly damped by Vincent's request to be allowed to depart from Avignon. He would not hear of such a proposition, and to oppose it offered Vincent the vacant see of Valentia. As the Saint could not be prevailed on to accept that exalted office, Benedict, collecting the cardinals of his court, offered Vincent the cardinal's hat, and all the prelates united in their endeavours to induce him to accept the dignity. With modest grace Vincent most respectfully but firmly refused, alleging as his reasons, first, that he was totally unworthy of so high a dignity; secondly, that he intended to adopt a career of greater utility for the salvation of souls; and thirdly, that if he accepted it he could not leave the pontifical court in order to fulfil the mission he had received from Christ our Lord. Then the Pontiff and the Cardinals felt unable to oppose further a vocation in which the salvation of souls was so clearly involved, and

therefore permission was given to the Saint to do as our Lord had commanded him.

Vincent therefore immediately left the court of Benedict and began his miraculous mission. This was in the year 1398, and he continued his work without any intermission until 1419, the year he died. He first bent his steps towards Catalonia, a province in the north-east of Spain, preaching in all the towns and villages as he passed along, and he continued in Catalonia, powerful in word and work for two whole years. When preaching in Barcelona, a woman brought him her infant son who was most dangerously ill, begging him to pray for his recovery. Vincent, moved by the Holy Spirit, turned to the mother with these words: "Rejoice, daughter, and put your trust in the Lord: this infant will not only recover, but will become a priest, and a most learned theologian." He then blessed the little one, and immediately restored it to health. The child was the famous John Soler, a man afterwards of singular erudition, who in time became bishop of Barcelona.

During his two years' mission in Catalonia, the people everywhere received the Saint as if he had been one of the Apostles themselves, and listened to his words with the utmost veneration. He preached constantly about the last judgment, and some complained to Benedict XIII. that he was preaching dangerous doctrine, making men believe that the day of judgment was close at hand. The pontiff therefore ordered him to write down his doctrine on that subject and send it to him, and he having obeyed, nothing was found in his book to be worthy of blame, though it was rigorously examined by theologians appointed by Benedict.

After the two years spent in Catalonia he evangelized great portions of the kingdoms of Valentia and Aragon, and then went by sea from Barcelona to France. After some months spent in Provence, he crossed the Alps in 1401, and preached in Piedmont and Lombardy. When at Alessandria he gave another remarkable instance of the gift of prophecy. Fr. Bernardine, of the order of St.

Francis, then a young religious, was attracted by the fame of St. Vincent, and came to hear the sermon. Bernardine was lost in admiration at the solid doctrine, united to marvellous eloquence and fervour, conspicuous in the preaching of St. Vincent. He made himself known to the Saint, and spent some time in conversation with him. The next morning, when Vincent preached, Bernardine was again among the audience and, doubtless to his astonishment, Vincent suddenly broke off from his subject and exclaimed: "Know, my brethren, that among you there stands a certain Franciscan who, in a short time, will be famous throughout all Italy, and his doctrine and example will be of great benefit to the Christian people. And although he is young and I am older, still the Roman Church will honour him before me. I call upon you therefore to thank God and to beg Him to fulfil what He has revealed to me. And on this account I shall return to preach in France and Spain, and shall leave the rest of Italy to be evangelized by him." This prophecy was exactly verified, for after ten years St. Bernardine of Siena was celebrated throughout all Italy, and although Vincent died in 1419, and St. Bernardine in 1444, the latter was canonized in 1450, five years before Vincent was inscribed in the catalogue of the saints.

In 1402, Vincent again crossed the mountains into France, and in a town called Romans he wrote an accurate report of all he had been doing to John de Puynoix, the Master General of the Order. In 1403 we find him in Lombardy, where he spent a year and a month preaching in all the towns and villages, and in many mountain valleys, in which he converted many heretics to the true faith. Five months of 1404 he spent in Savoy, labouring in four different dioceses, and the next year he went, by command of Benedict, to Genoa. In this city, being a great seaport, there were a large number of men belonging to various countries—Greeks, Germans, Sardinians, Hungarians and others—all of whom perfectly understood St. Vincent. As on Pentecost day in Jerusalem all the multitude heard the Apostles speaking in their own

tongues, so was it now when Vincent, using his mother tongue, spoke of "the wonderful works of God" before this mixed multitude, and all must indeed "have been astonished and wondered, saying, what meaneth this?" On leaving Genoa the Saint made his way along the lovely Riviera into France, and north into Belgium, preaching in all the towns and villages as he went along. Ranzano states that at the invitation of King Henry IV. he also visited England, and afterwards he went on to Scotland and Ireland. But though the local records of these countries have been most carefully searched, no mention can be found in them of the preachings or journeyings of the Saint, which were too public to pass unnoticed, and have been abundantly chronicled in those countries which he certainly passed through. It is probable, therefore, that Ranzano is mistaken in affirming that he visited these islands, though he may have received an invitation to do so.

III. His manner of life during his Apostolate.

Having briefly spoken of the places in which Vincent preached during the first ten years of his apostolic labours, it will be interesting to describe the manner of his daily life when travelling from place to place. It must be borne in mind that St. Vincent's apostolate was distinctly miraculous. He was no missionary of ordinary stature, nor was he simply an enthusiastic man of unusual natural abilities. He was a spiritual giant, and his apostolic career was a standing miracle. We must either admit this or reject entirely as a monstrous fable the detailed accounts of contemporary writers who narrate well-established facts, confirmed by the matter-of-fact records of the places in which these facts occurred.

The plain historical facts of the labours of Vincent, and the results which those labours achieved, are simply

miraculous, and cannot otherwise be accounted for; and this fact remains after making ample allowance for popular exaggeration, and discarding things resting on doubtful authority. The mere record, month by month, of the journeys he made, considering the modes of transit at that time, is sufficiently wonderful. But the result of his labour is far more marvellous. Though he only preached once or twice in many places and then passed on, the conversions, not only numerous but permanent, that were effected, show at once that the finger of God was there. Then the undisputed fact that everywhere he used his native Valentian language, and yet was perfectly understood by all his hearers is distinctly miraculous. When he preached to the French and Italians, as well as to the Celts of Brittany, he never spoke except in his own tongue, yet all understood. This alone stamps his missionary life with a clearly miraculous character, and shows that we must not measure it by any ordinary standard. Unless this fact be borne in mind we might doubt whether St. Vincent might not have done more lasting good by remaining in one place or at least in one country, instead of flying through Europe, preaching often only once in a town or village. According to ordinary rules this no doubt would have been the case, but St. Vincent's mission we must recognize to have been as supernatural as that of the "Angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the eternal gospel, to preach unto them that sit upon the earth, and over every nation and tribe and tongue and people." Apoc. xiv. 6. In Christian art the Saint is represented with angel's wings, in reference to this very text. The likeness is carried further by the next words of the Apocalypse, in which the Angel cries out "with a loud voice: Fear the Lord and give Him honour, because the hour of His judgment is come, and adore ye Him that made heaven and earth, the sea and the fountains of waters," id. 7. For the common theme of St. Vincent was that of the last judgment, bidding men prepare for the coming of the Judge.

In travelling from place to place, St. Vincent always

walked on foot, assisted only by a staff. This was his invariable custom for the first fifteen years of his preaching, and therefore till the age of fifty-five; for after that, infirmity compelled him to use an ass or a mule on his journeys. This in itself was most arduous labour. When, after a hard day's walk under a burning sun, or across frozen mountain paths he arrived at some town or village, weary and footsore, he left little time for rest. Five hours of the night he generally rested, the remainder he devoted to prayer and reading the Bible. Wherever possible he lodged in monasteries, and was present whenever the office was chanted at midnight. Very early in the morning he entered the church in which he was to preach, unless the sermon, as happened very frequently, was to be in the open air, that all might attend. First he sang Mass, that being his daily custom, and his face shone with heavenly joy, and tears glistened on his cheeks when he sang, with sweetest tones, *Sursum corda*, "Lift up your hearts to God."

His intense fervour when offering the Holy Sacrifice communicated itself to those who were present. It was a sight to be remembered for ever, and such floods of tears fell from his eyes before receiving the Body of our Lord that none who saw it could help weeping with him. Sometimes the throng were so deeply moved that a loud wailing cry broke forth from their full hearts. After Mass his custom was to preach according to the impulse given him by the Holy Spirit, and often his sermon was very long. Every word was drunk in by his entranced audience in perfect silence. Everyone felt that there was more there than the voice of man. After the sermon and prayers with hymns, St. Vincent, to satisfy the devotion of the people, was obliged to allow them to kiss his hand in token of reverence, and to bring the sick that he might lay his hand upon them with prayer. An immense number, known only to God, were thus perfectly cured of every kind of illness. He used to say when blessing the sick: "These signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay their hands on the sick and

they shall recover. May Jesus, the Son of Mary, the salvation of the world and our Lord, Who drew thee to the Catholic Faith, preserve thee in it and make thee blessed, and may He deign to deliver thee from this infirmity."

Towards the middle of the day Vincent refreshed his body with a spare and simple meal. He hardly ever touched meat, and never without some evident necessity. He was most particular in forbidding any but the plainest food, and always contented himself with one dish. Wine he drank but in very small quantity and diluted in much water. Wherever he might be he kept the rule of his order, even in the minutest particular, just as if he were in a convent of strict observance. For forty years his custom was to fast every day except Sunday. He rested at night on a hard straw bed, or some old sacking. Every night he scourged himself with cords, weeping the while with contrition, and in union with the sufferings of Christ.

A large multitude of people was accustomed to accompany the Saint from place to place, the number amounting often to many thousands. These followed him either simply from devotion, or to have the advantage of his daily sermon; or they were penitents, great sinners converted by him, and anxious to atone for past sins. As it was impossible to deal with this immense crowd single-handed, Vincent chose five companions, men of learning and holiness from the Order of St. Dominic. But as the work increased he required more help, and therefore chose a large number of priests, not only Dominicans, but from the other religious Orders. The duties of these companions were heavy and most important. They had to keep order in the huge crowd that followed Vincent, to marshal them in ranks, to keep the men and women separate. They had also to superintend the singing of hymns, saying the prayers, and lastly, to aid in hearing the confessions which was everywhere a stupendous work, and required a large number of priests. Musical instruments were also carried

to cheer the hearts of the people during their long journeys and to help them to sing the praises of God. Notaries also accompanied the Saint, and one of their duties was to draw up a formal document when those who had been at variance with each other were reconciled by Vincent, in order that the effect might be lasting.

During the sermon 50,000 and sometimes 80,000 people collected, and the priests had to arrange them in some kind of order. One of the wonderful things of daily occurrence was that everyone in these enormous crowds was able to hear the voice of the Saint clearly, as well as to understand his words. Many of the penitents were accustomed, after sunset, to form processions, taking the discipline on their shoulders, singing hymns composed by the Saint, and saying these words: "May this be in memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and for the remission of my sins." Those who joined the processions were often men who had been great and notorious sinners, but being converted to God by the preaching of St. Vincent, showed great devotion and sorrow for sin.

When food and other things were offered to the Saint in alms, he immediately gave them to the priests, his companions, to be distributed to those who were in need, and if anything remained it was given to the poor of the place they happened to be in. Money, however, he strictly forbade his companions to accept. In a town in France the magistrates offered him thirty gold pieces, and begged him, in the names of Jesus Christ and His blessed Mother, to accept them. In reverence to these sacred names he consented, but strictly ordered his companions to give them all to orphans, widows, and the other poor of that place.

Father Ranzano gives us the following description of the marvellous effect of the preaching of St. Vincent, which was as miraculous as the gift of tongues itself. The power of God speaking through His servant was proved by the multitude of Christians who truly repented of their evil lives, as well as by the conversion of an immense number of Jews and Mahomedans to the true

faith. It was calculated that more than 100,000 persons, who were considered hopelessly obstinate in an openly wicked life, were brought to sincere and lasting repentance. Often in the midst of the sermon men supposed to be utterly hardened fell prostrate on the ground with loud cries of sorrow, and confessed aloud their crimes with sobs and tears. But though terrible in denouncing vice, he mingled such loving words with his reproofs that all were attracted to hear him again. Rarely indeed did it happen that the hearers were not moved to tears by his words, but when he spoke of the judgment to come, of the Passion of Christ, or of the pains of hell, both the preacher and the audience wept so loudly that he was often obliged to pause until silence was restored. His explanations of Holy Scripture were wonderfully lucid; he brought Scripture authority for all he taught, and appeared to know the whole Bible by heart. Many tried to write reports as accurate as they could of his sermons, and though many useful volumes were thus formed, those that had heard him declared that what was written was only a poor shadow of the words he really uttered.

His effect on the Jews was especially miraculous. So clear were his arguments from the Old Testament, and so persuasive were his words, that God was pleased through him to convert 25,000 Jews in different parts of Spain, and their synagogues were changed into Churches. As an instance of this, it is related how when preaching to a large assemblage near Tortosa he paused before beginning his sermon as if rapt in thought. He then said, "Certain men will come to the sermon to-day and I wish you all to make place for them, for by God's grace do they come." Shortly afterwards all the synagogue of Jews came, and a great part of them were converted to the faith. There was at that time a large population of Saracens in Spain; Granada was still a Saracen kingdom, and as many as 8000 were converted to Christianity by the preaching of St. Vincent. By his persuasion also a large number of churches, monasteries and hospitals were

erected in various places, and he also caused many bridges to be built over rivers for the use of the people. Another great work of the Saint was that of peacemaker, and in many places feuds of long standing, which had been the cause of murders and every crime against Christian charity, were completely and permanently ended.

When it was known that St. Vincent was approaching any city or town, with his great following of penitents, the whole population would stream forth to meet him, nobles as well as peasants, bishops and prelates as well as clergy and religious, all singing hymns and welcoming him as if he were a messenger from heaven. He would walk humbly with downcast eyes in the midst of this triumphal procession, giving all the praise to God. A story is related of one of these public entries of the Saint into his native city of Valentia. The bells of the churches were all chiming, the streets were dressed as for a high festival, the balconies hung with scarlet, the whole population had turned out to meet the Apostle. As he was borne along in triumph, a Franciscan Friar who had known him when they were both young, cried out, "Brother Vincent, how is pride now?" Raising his eyes, the Saint replied with a smile, "It comes and it goes, brother, but it never stays." Always united in soul to God, he gave the glory of all to God, Whose humble instrument he was. No one was more faithful than Vincent in "doing all the things that were commanded him," and no one more sincerely said "I am an unprofitable servant; I have done that which I ought to do." S. Luke xvii. 10. At the hours in which the Saint was known to be going to preach, all work was abandoned. The husbandman let go his plough, the smith laid down his hammer, the shop-keeper left his counter and the merchant his warehouse; all flocked to hear the great preacher with whose name they had been long familiar. The very doctors and professors of the various branches of learning in universities and public schools closed their lecture rooms till the sermon was ended. So universal in fact was the desire to hear the

Saint that the very sick could scarcely be kept at home, but strove to rise to be present when he preached and to receive his health-giving blessing.

In the places in which he preached, not only while he remained, but for long after, vice seemed to have taken flight. Such was the evidence of true piety, religion and repentance among the people, that it appeared as if the early times of the Apostles had returned. "Many men there were at that time," writes Father Ranzano, "men certainly neither unlearned nor imprudent in speech, but grave and thoughtful, who, considering the wonderful virtues and gifts of Vincent, and the marvellous effect of his teaching among the people, considering, moreover, how admirable was the example of his own life, how unexampled was the eagerness of people of all classes to hear him, and how intense was the devotion they displayed, and considering, lastly, how many and how various were the miracles that he worked, did not hesitate to declare their conviction that since the time of the first apostles of Christ no one had appeared in the Christian Church who was superior to him or even his equal." So strongly did he commend evangelical poverty, and so mighty was the force of his example, that many men of noble rank and abounding in riches, by his advice distributed all they possessed to the poor, and, embracing a state of poverty, followed Vincent, the poor servant of Christ. Many ecclesiastics also of divers ranks abandoned the richest benefices either to adopt the rule of a strict religious order or to follow the Saint whithersoever he went. Ladies moreover of families the most illustrious took the veil of religion and vowed perpetual virginity. Such was the veneration with which Vincent was regarded that those considered themselves highly favoured who could speak to him or even touch his hand or his habit. The number of those desirous to kiss his hand was so overpowering, that in populous cities it was very frequently necessary to raise wooden bars around him to protect him and his companions from the pressure of the devout crowd.

IV. Last years of Missionary Life.

It was noticed above that during the year 1408, St. Vincent preached in Lyons and Avignon, but towards the end of that year an extraordinary event happened that must not be passed over. He received a pressing invitation from the King of Granada, in the south of Spain, to visit his dominions. What makes this so extraordinary is that Granada was then a Moorish kingdom, and its sovereign, Abenbaha Mahoma, was a Mahomedan. Still, having heard so wonderful an account of St. Vincent's preaching, he much desired to hear him, and therefore sent an embassy with letters, promising him a safe conduct and liberty to announce the Gospel in his kingdom, in spite of the law forbidding Christian preaching. St. Vincent consulted the Pope, and, on permission being granted, sailed from Marseilles for Granada. Three times he preached in the royal presence, all his audience listening with the utmost attention to his doctrine. Many were about to receive baptism at his hands, when some of the more powerful officials threatened the king with the loss of his throne unless he sent away this dangerous Christian preacher, and the monarch being alarmed, Vincent was obliged to retire.

During the Lent of 1417, St. Vincent accepted the pressing invitation of the Duke of Brittany, and went to the city of Vannes, and here he remained preaching in the city and other parts of Brittany for the last two years of his life. At that time the man of God was in his sixtieth year, and so worn out, not with age, but with constant labour and austerity of life, that he could scarcely walk without help, yet supported by the fervour of his spirit he continued to labour as constantly and diligently as ever for the conversion of souls. It was noticed with great wonder by those around him, that although often so weak that he seemed unable to move or even speak, yet immediately he had reached the pulpit

a new life appeared to be infused into his failing body, and he was able to preach with all the vigour and energy of younger days. Not content with his daily sermons to the people, Vincent was accustomed to collect the children around him to instruct them in the catechism, and it was a truly pathetic sight to witness the care and patience with which the veteran preacher, whose name was the most celebrated in Europe, whom Popes and Kings were anxious to consult, would teach the little ones of Christ's flock to make the sign of the cross, to say the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Creed, and in the simplest words would instruct them how to show their love for God, how they should obey their parents, and do good to others. In giving advice he was as patient and kind with the poorest and most ignorant as with men of good position and education.

In 1419, St. Vincent fell into a burning fever, and was afflicted by most grievous pains in all his limbs, so that his state was considered most dangerous. When first his illness seized him, he called his companions round him and calmly warned them that the end of his life had now come, telling them to expect his death. He then dismissed all except his confessor to whom he made his last confession, and asked for the blessing that would give him the plenary indulgence granted him for the hour of death by Pope Martin V. He then received most devoutly the holy sacrament of Extreme Unction and the holy Viaticum, and no one in the room could refrain from weeping when they heard his words of faith and love, and the hymns and prayers that he said with many tears. Then for three days he received the visits of many who came to bid him farewell, exhorting them to remember the advice he had given them for the service of God, but after that he begged that no more visitors might be allowed to see him, as he desired to spend the hours that still remained in prayer and contemplation with God alone. The Saint had often before suffered from illness and his patience had always been admirable, but this last sickness was the most

painful and trying he had ever endured, and the doctors as well as his companions were astonished to see the perfect and unruffled cheerfulness of his patience and his joyful resignation in the sharpest pains. If the doctors in their treatment caused him pain, however severe, and surgery in the fifteenth century was rough and ready, no sound of complaint was heard, except the loving repetition of the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Except when speaking on some necessary subject or sleeping, he was, without ceasing, praising and thanking God.

On the tenth day of his illness, which he had foretold would be the happy day of his departure to God, he asked that the history of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ should be read to him out of all the four Gospels, and he lay listening with tears of love, to the sacred words so dear to him, telling that story of wondrous love, and of that death wherein alone was his hope of everlasting life. Then he asked that the seven penitential psalms should be recited. These psalms, and indeed the psalter, he had constantly said during his illness as long as sufficient strength had remained. Lastly, the litany was said. Then his wasted countenance suddenly beamed with a look of intense joy, he joined his hands together and lifted them up, his eyes at the same time being directed towards heaven, and then his soul passed to God whom he had so faithfully served. He died on the Wednesday before Palm Sunday, April 5, 1419.

St. Vincent was canonized by Pope Callistus III., on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29th, 1455. This fulfilled a curious prophecy uttered by the Saint as many as fifty years before in Valentia. He had been preaching, and amongst the crowd of devout people who presented themselves after the sermon, to ask his blessing and to kiss his hand, there was one whom St. Vincent singled out for particular notice. This was Alphonsus Borgia, a young doctor of canon, as well as civil, law, and of good reputation both for learning and virtue. St. Vincent looked for a few moments steadfastly at his face and then said, "I congratulate you,

my son, for in time to come you will bring great honour to your family and country. You will be raised to the highest dignity possible in this world, and after I have departed this life, you will bestow singular honour on me in holy Church on earth. Be careful therefore to persevere in virtue and good works." These words, coming from a man with St. Vincent's reputation for the gift of prophecy, naturally made a deep impression on the young man's mind, and he never forgot them. He was promoted to the See of Valentia in 1427, while Martin V. was still Pope. Later on he received the Cardinal's hat from Pope Eugenius IV., and in April, 1445, he was most unexpectedly elected to the papal chair and took the name of Calixtus III. On the 29th of June, the same year, he canonized St. Vincent in the Basilica of St. Peter, though the Bull of canonization was not published until the reign of his successor Pius II. The proof of this remarkable prophecy is abundant. Alphonsus Borgia often spoke of it to his friends, long before there seemed the slightest probability of its fulfilment. After his elevation to the Papal Chair, when the canonization was being discussed with the Cardinals, he brought forward this prophecy as an instance within his own personal knowledge of the supernatural gifts with which Vincent had been endowed.

We must pray that Almighty God in His own good time may be pleased to send Europe another St. Vincent Ferrer to rouse the failing faith of men, and to fill their hearts with renewed love for our Lord Jesus Christ and the holy Church, which is His Body.

Antiphon and Prayer from the Office of St. Vincent.

Glorious Father Vincent, to meet thee, when thou didst go up to the citadel of heaven, came a choir of Angels praising thee with surpassing honour. Lead us, who persevere in singing thy praises, to the happy kingdom of the blessed.

Pray for us, O blessed Vincent,

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, Who didst draw to the knowledge of Thy Name a multitude of the nations, by the admirable preaching of blessed Vincent, Thy Confessor; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be found worthy to have Him, as our Rewarder in heaven, Whom he announced on earth as the Judge to come, our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who livest and reignest with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God world without end. Amen.

Helen Forsyth:

OR,

A Shadowed Life.

By H. M. LUSHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

NOVEMBER is a dreary month in the fogs and gloom of London, but scarcely less so—at least to some minds—by the sea, when the wind moans sadly, and the waves, leaden-hued, dash drearily on the deserted shore. Some such thoughts as these seemed to have taken hold of Helen Forsyth as she stood at her window, and gazed out on the deserted parade and dark tossing waves, here and there crested with foam. The moon gave a fitful light, which now and then, as it emerged from the clouds, lit up that pale thoughtful face with its intensely dark eyes, and touched with a pale glory the golden hair, already in the daylight streaked with grey. Suddenly Helen turned, crossed the room hurriedly, and unlocking the davenport that stood on one side of the fire-place, took from it a leather case, and pressing a spring, gazed with piteous longing eyes on the portrait the fire-light revealed—a frank, open face, large deep blue eyes, fair hair and beard, and a joyous true expression—a face from which care and sorrow seemed banished.

Helen pressed the portrait to her lips for one brief minute; then, as a flood of memories rushed through her

mind, groaned with anguish, and hastily restoring it to its hiding-place, walked again to the window, and resumed her melancholy gaze and sorrowful musings.

The room was not large, but it was richly furnished, with an air of comfort and wealth, but yet of loneliness—as Helen remarked to herself, as she glanced back into it, "an old maid's room." No sound to break the stillness, no voice to chide her discontent; even if it dissolved into tears, who would care? Truly there was one person in the world who still loved her, noticed the changing expressions in her face, cared to call forth her rare laugh, but she could not come through the dark and rain to-night—as a scudding shower rattled against the window—and no doubt the day would come, when, if she knew, her fond and tender love would be turned into—

The door behind Helen opened softly, and, dropping her fur cloak on the threshold, a little figure came into the firelight. In a moment, Helen's arms had clasped her, and Helen's voice, trembling with intensest love, was welcoming and scolding her at the same time. The eyes she gazed into, with their depth of blue, were exactly like those of the portrait, and the fair curls, which the wind had blown about the small delicate face, had just the hue of its hair.

"I told grandmamma I was sure you would be very weary of your long lonely day, and I must come and cheer you up this evening," remarked the girl with a merry smile; "and as the grandparents were dining at Mrs. Lester's they could call for me on their way back. They would have put me down too, but Mr. De Rue's lesson was not over in time."

"You are a wilful child, Aimée, I fear," said Helen kissing her again; "but I am very glad to see you. This continual moaning of the wind has made me feel very sad."

"I guessed it would be so; and really, as papa says, though I look delicate, I am strong in reality. No, don't light the lamp, but sit down in your own chair and let us have a nice cozy chat."

Helen complied; and, throwing her fur cap on one side, Aimée seated herself on a stool and laid her head on Helen's lap.

"I had a letter from papa to-day," was her first remark.

A blush coloured Helen's cheek as she questioned: "With good news?"

"Yes, and he really promises to come and pay us a visit here, when I come of age. It seems strange never to have been with him in my own home, though we have been together in almost every other place in Europe."

"Yes, it has been an immense advantage to your education to visit so many foreign countries, and to acquire their languages from natives."

"Yes, and perhaps I know papa better, and am more confidential with him, than if we were never parted. It seems as if I must make the most of the little time I have with him, and he appears to feel the same. Other fathers don't spoil and appreciate their daughters as mine does!" she added, with a proud little smile.

"All the world seems to combine to indulge you, you little puss!"

"That is just what Laura says," and Aimée raised her head, and spoke anxiously. "She came up to-day to ask for a subscription to the clothing club, and read me such a lecture on self-indulgence and self-pleasing, and wanted to lend me a long dry book called 'Self-renunciation', only grandmamma said I had better let it alone, and she took it away again. I know Laura is very good, but she is very uncomfortable, and her religion is unsatisfactory to me, because it seems the very opposite of peace."

"I don't think your grandmother would like you to take up Mrs. Cannon's ideas, so perhaps it is rather fortunate you are not attracted by them."

"I cannot quite say that I am not," said Aimée, thoughtfully; "the theories and notions in her books and conversation seem to me nearly perfect, but it is the

carrying of them out that puzzles me. Now yesterday William was supposed to be giving comfort and consolation to disturbed minds in his study, but Laura, who was in a terrible worry about Charlie's having told a lie, could not get at him at all; and when at last he emerged, he was so full of the new designs for Christmas decorations, he hardly scolded Charlie, and never seemed conscious of Laura's unhappiness. When I made some remark to her, Laura said a clergyman was bound to think first of his clerical duties, and she had made up her mind to be second, and the Church first, when she married; she was terribly shocked when I declared nothing would ever make me marry a clergyman, because if I married I must be first and not second."

"God ought to be first," suggested Helen.

"O of course, but then He must be so with all, not only clergy; and church decorations are not God."

Helen sighed, feeling, as had often been the case lately, how little she could satisfy this earnest enquiring mind. Would it have been different had her mother lived? Was there something in her religion that would have answered her daughter's aspirations? Would Aimée's soul and eternal happiness suffer for the lack of that aid? and once more Helen realized, as she had been realizing for the last twenty years, that sin brings with it its own inevitable punishment. But as yet she chafed beneath that sting and accepted it not in the spirit of penance. She rose suddenly from her chair, and, exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, lighted the lamp and rang for supper, disregarding Aimée's remonstrances that she did not require any food, and would much prefer continuing the conversation in the fire-light.

In the full light of the lamp, the two friends presented a singular contrast. Helen, tall and elegant, with a complexion still retaining its brilliancy, spite of her forty years, intensely dark brown eyes, eye-brows and eye-lashes, and perfectly golden hair, twisted in numerous plaits round her well-shaped head, talent and power in her intellectual forehead, pain and decision in her expressive mouth.

Aimée, delicately formed and, except her deep blue eyes, extremely pale in colouring, with tiny face and head, and hair in clustering curls round her face of almost flaxen hue. The mouth, though large for the rest of the face, wore a most sweet though firm expression, and there was something innocent, appealing, and child-like in her whole appearance. Her little hands were quick and deft in moving the work, that, overflowing the other tables in the room, had even invaded the one generally kept for meals, for Helen did not care to enter the dining-room for her solitary repasts. Rebecca, the sober-looking old maid, smiled as brightly as her mistress at Aimée's words of wonder as to how Helen would ever come to the end of her numerous pieces of work.

"I shall finish them some day," said Helen; "I can't work for hours at flannel petticoats like Mrs. Cannon; I prefer variety in my employments, and something to make me forget the length of the days."

"Do you find them so long? Why, the hours fly with me; I never do half what I intend in the day!"

"At any rate, the hours pass quickly enough when you are with me, *mia cara;* come quickly and eat some supper, and then you shall help me with the comforters for the Christmas tree, if you like."

The meal did not take long, and soon the two ladies were seated at their knitting.

"I wish Laura could see me," remarked Aimée; "she would be satisfied for once. She groans over my frivolity, as she calls it; but I tell her grandmamma would not like me to bring flannel-petticoats into the drawing-room. Even the Saints took occasional recreation, and I really do work very hard at my lessons now."

"You like them, don't you?"

"Yes, but more for the thought of how my progress will please papa, than for their own sake. Laura says it ought to be for a higher motive, but when I ask her to explain what she means, she always replies, 'You had better go and talk to William,' and I don't feel inclined to do that."

"Mr. Cannon is extremely kind, and your appointed pastor," suggested Helen, in a cold hesitating tone.

"O Helen, don't," said Aimée; "it does make me feel so cross when he puts his hand on my head and calls me his dear child, and all the time I know he thinks I am most wilful and perverse because I won't go and have a conference in that awful study; the very idea makes me tremble. I remember some years ago getting into a scrape with my governess, and being taken to him to be scolded. I can't recall what he said, but I know I came out furious, hating him, and all my other superiors, but—" and her tone changed to earnestness and her cheeks flushed, as she bent over her knitting,—"I do sometimes wish,—no—not exactly wish, but feel as if I should like to go to confession."

Helen started violently. "Who has been talking to you, Aimée?"

"Mr. Thrale, the young clergyman I met at aunt Lucy's. He was very handsome and interesting, and talked a great deal to me, and showed me some books. He is heir to a large fortune, so aunt Lucy did not mind his views, and encouraged him to come to the house. He told me beautiful stories about the Saints, and said a great number of prayers himself, all in Latin. One of his books, called 'Manresa,' I specially liked, but he did not give me time to finish it: he said it had accidentally got mixed with the others, but was not to be used by laity, as it had not yet been adapted to the Anglican Church. There were wonderful things in it about sin. It made one feel as if one had committed so many more sins than one had realized before. I said something of this to Mr. Thrale, and he spoke of the 'Sacrament of Penance,' and lent me a little book about it. I hope from that I never have been guilty of mortal sin, but I am sure I have committed hundreds of venial sins; and it seems to me if one could be sure they were forgiven, and were taught how to guard against them in future, one might never offend God by a mortal sin, and be ready to die."

"But you are not going to die yet, my darling!"

"No, I suppose not, but people are taken away as young as I am, and quite suddenly. Mr. Thrale urged me to go to confession to him, but he was too young, and so—I could not make up my mind, and on my return home, when I sounded Laura about it, she said habitual auricular confession was contrary to the spirit of the English Church, and suggested William and the study again."

There was a little silence, and then Aimée said "Helen, I have always wished to know, and more than ever, lately:—My mother died when she was younger than I am now, was she happy? Was she ready to go? Were you with her when she died?"

"Yes, Aimée, I was beside her, and she died quite happily. I never saw a more beautiful, peaceful death."

"I enquired of William once, if he had been with her at the last, and he said certainly not; she did not wish for his ministrations. But did she die without a clergyman? it seems so sad!"

Helen seemed quite intent on picking up some dropped stitches as she replied: "She had her own—the priest she wished for—constantly with her in her illness, and at her death."

"A priest! oh, then, she held Mr. Thrale's views. He took great pains to impress upon me that that was what he really was, but aunt Lucy said it was rubbish when she overheard him one day, and that it was only Roman Catholics who had priests. Mamma was not a Roman Catholic, was she, Helen?" And Aimée raised her head with an anxious eager look.

Helen, white to the lips, was saved a reply by a loud knocking at the door and the entrance of a tall handsome old gentleman, who apologized in courteous terms for coming in so late, but explained he had done so to hurry Aimée, as it was a fearfully stormy night, and he was anxious to see her and her grandmother safe in shelter. Aimée did not keep him waiting, and in five minutes Helen was once more alone.

CHAPTER II.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.

THE swift motion of the carriage soon brought Aimée to her house—a comfortable, modern stone mansion, standing back from the road in its own extensive grounds. The carpeted hall was fragrant with flowers, and the bright lamp-light shone on turkey rugs and polished tables, and danced in sparkling diamonds, as Mrs. Courtland threw off her wraps, and turned to wish her granddaughter a loving goodnight. She was a little old lady, with the remains of great beauty in her face, but with something of stern determination, too, in its delicate lines.

"My darling Aimée, you look very tired and pale; say goodnight to her, Robert," and she looked up at her tall husband, who immediately obeyed with a fond kiss; and the old couple stood side by side watching the little figure with its fair head, which for long years now had been their most precious possession.

The aunt Lucy, of whom Aimée had spoken, was Mr. Courtland's daughter by his first wife. Cuthbert, Aimée's father, was the only child that had survived of the second Mrs. Courtland. She had loved and spoiled him in every possible way, until his marriage, which had been contrary to her desires; but from that time, her feelings seemed to have cooled, and now for some years she had neither seen nor appeared to wish to meet him. He had given up Aimée to her, as a mere infant, at the death of his young wife, with the understanding that he should be able to claim her whenever he wished; and each year since Aimée could remember, he had done so for the spring and summer months, sending an elderly woman, who acted as his house-keeper, and a courier, to bring her to whatever foreign country might just then be his favourite residence. By this means, Aimée had acquired a good knowledge of foreign languages, a correct taste for music and paint-

ing, and with all her simplicity and modesty was a thoroughly well educated girl. Her constant intercourse with Helen Forsyth had also helped to develop her character.

Helen had always been entirely devoted to her, and Aimée had early discovered the craving for love and sympathy that was hidden under her quiet manner, and satisfied it, by giving her nearly the affection and confidence of a daughter. She loved her grandmother, but feared her, and could never quite forget the shadow that invariably crossed her face when the name of Aimée's mother was mentioned in her presence—that poor young mother, whom Aimée could not remember, but whose picture hung in her bedroom, with its sweet brown eyes and gentle face! Her father had sent it to Aimée three years ago, with the desire it should be placed in her room, since which time Mrs. Courtland had never entered it, calling Aimée into the dressing-room if she wanted to speak to her. Helen had burst into tears when Aimée had first brought her up to see the picture, but seldom came to the house without visiting it; and it was from her that Aimée had learned to know and love her dead mother. Her parentage had been French, and Aimée loved to hear Helen describe the arrival at school of the shy little foreigner, with the long name—Marie Clotilde Josephine Joubin, and her pride in being selected by the mistress to take charge of, and put at her ease, the little maiden some two years her junior, and so tiny as to seem much younger.

Helen was never tired of talking of those happy school-days, or of the year the two girls had spent together under Madame Joubin's care when both had left school, and before Helen's father had returned from India to claim his daughter, taking a house on the parade, and giving many entertainments. Of this period of her life Helen never spoke: Aimée fancied because it reminded her too sadly of the loss she had sustained soon after in the death of her most indulgent and devoted parent, leaving her desolate in the house in which they had been so

happy together, until, as she told Aimée, the loving little daughter of her former friend had come to bring sunshine and noise into the silent rooms, and to give life an interest again. Aimée had not failed to notice how seldom Helen named her father, nor the repressed interest he and she both took in any mention of the other; but of their real feelings towards each other she was ignorant, sometimes thinking of love, sometimes hate or extreme dislike. Once only had Aimée mentioned her mother to her father, and the agitation he showed had terribly alarmed her, as he begged her to be silent, and not recur to a subject too painful for him to bear to speak upon.

An elderly maid awaited Aimée in her pretty bedroom, furnished in birch-wood, with curtains and hangings of pink and white muslin. She thought her young mistress over-tired, and after assisting her to undress, carefully brushing out her long fair hair, and making up the fire, left her with an injunction "not to sit up till morning."

Aimée sat gazing into the fire, her dark blue eyes gradually filling with tears. Poor child! already she had her little romance, and it was not going smoothly; "If I only knew exactly where he was, and if he would come back to me," she sighed; "I think he must love me," and the sweet face was buried in the tiny hands, while the colour mounted to the very temples. "He would never have sent me that message if he did not—but will he succeed in his object? Am I nearer being a Catholic than I was? Is he praying for me now at the Holy Sepulchre, and is that why I feel a drawing towards the Roman Catholic Church?" and turning to a jewel-case that stood on the table she unlocked it. Taking from it a small and exquisitely carved crucifix she kissed it devoutly, and sinking on her knees prayed earnestly for light and guidance. Some months previously, at her father's desire, she had paid a visit to her aunt Lucy, a fashionable lady with two daughters, whom she was anxious to settle in life. With this intention, all well-conducted rich young men were welcomed to her house, and among them

Mr. Thrale, of whom we have already heard Aimée make mention, and his friend Paul Carew, the owner of Castle Carew, a tall handsome young man with charming manners. From their first meeting Paul Carew had been attacted by Aimée's modest sweetness, and in a short time each had become sincerely attached to the other, but Aimée was often puzzled by remarks and allusions that seemed specially intended for her, and yet which she failed to comprehend. At last, one Friday, when he had taken her into dinner, he remarked how perplexing it was to live in the midst of Protestant society when one was Catholic.

"Yes," said Aimée, startled; "but are you a Catholic, a Roman Catholic, I mean?"

"Of course, so are you, are you not?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon, I always understood—I always thought you must be." His agitation was evident, but just then her other neighbour spoke to Aimée, and when she turned again to Mr. Carew, his manner was calm and even gentler than before.

During the evening he drew her aside into the conservatory, and enquired anxiously, "Are you not the daughter of Mrs. Courtland, whose maiden name was Joubin?"

"Yes, Marie Clotilde Josephine Joubin, I have her three names after my Aimée."

"Then we are cousins," he said gently, "and as such, will you let me offer you a tiny gift," and he put the crucifix we have seen Aimée kiss into her hands. "Think of me sometimes when I am gone. I leave England to-morrow."

Aimée could not utter a word, but the eloquent expression of her tearful eyes spoke for her, and he only trusted himself to give her a whispered blessing and was gone. Was it for ever?

Poor Aimée passed a wretched night, but was a little cheered the following afternoon by the sight of Mr. Thrale. If his friend had departed, surely he would not be left behind? Mr. Thrale found a quiet

opportunity to converse with her under the shelter of a sonata of Beethoven's, and said: "I have a message for you, Miss Courtland. My friend Paul Carew has always believed you to be a Roman Catholic, owing to your name, and was terribly shocked last night to find himself mistaken. I am to tell you, he is bound by a solemn promise to his dead mother never to marry a Protestant, and therefore he is gone to-day on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, hoping, through the mercy of God, to obtain your conversion. I daresay I ought not to have given you this message, but I couldn't say no when Paul pleaded so earnestly, and if you were baptized a Catholic—well, I suppose there would be no sin in your becoming one."

The music ceased, and Mr. Thrale hastily walked away, and as Aimée returned home the next day, she had no further opportunity of questioning him. She had quitted home a child, she returned a woman, yet not exactly an unhappy one, for she knew she was beloved, and could not help hoping, in the depth of her heart, that her lover's prayers might be answered, though she took no decided steps towards their realization. She had said nothing to anyone, not even to Helen, but her friend had noticed the change in her darling, and suspected some love trouble. Her suspicions pointed to Mr. Thrale, as Aimée had only once mentioned Paul Carew, asking her if she knew the name as a relation of her mother's, and being answered in the negative, dropped the subject.

CHAPTER III.

PARDON SOUGHT AND WON.

THE following morning the rain had ceased, but the sky still looked grey and dull. Aimée sat by the window in her boudoir copying in colours a photograph of Müller's picture of our Blessed Lady. She smiled happily from time to time as she painted at the thought of how "some one" would approve of her present employment; and started almost guiltily when the opening door revealed a tall slight figure, clad in a waterproof, and a face still bearing traces of beauty, but with a worn restless expression.

"Good morning, Aimée," and Mrs. Cannon embraced her cousin warmly and bent down to look at her picture. "How wonderfully you have improved. It quite reminds me of one of the Italian pictures."

"I am glad you are satisfied, Laura; I have tried to think of all a perfect woman would be, as I painted, and it has helped me very much. It seems to me Catholic women ought to be very good, with such a model always before them."

"Yes, but we make a model of our Blessed Lady, too."

"Only we may not pray to her to make us like her," retorted Aimée.

"Well, I don't know," and the harassed look deepened on Laura's face. "I know many who invoke her, but I daresay William would say it was better not. I came to ask, Aimée, if you would come and drink tea this evening, and talk over the Christmas decorations."

"I have promised to go to Helen Forsyth this evening, thank you," said Aimée, quickly,—an evening at the Rectory, with a lecture on church decorations from Mr. Cannon, not being much to her taste—"She has not seemed well, lately, and gets very dull when I don't go in to cheer her up."

"Will she not come also?" suggested Mrs. Cannon. "She has great taste, though she never seems to care much to work for the Church."

"She works hard for the poor," exclaimed Aimée, indignantly.

"Oh yes, dear, I am sure she is very good, only not quite in our way. But if aunt Mary will allow you, will you come with me this morning to see poor Juliana; she became so much worse a week ago, I had to send her home, and from what nurse says, I fear she may be in want, as her mother is very poor. She has nothing catching, so I suppose you may go and see her with me, and we can call on Miss Forsyth on our way and invite her for this evening."

"I should like to accompany you very much. Poor Juliana! How the children must miss her; she was so thoroughly gentle and kind in her manner to them. I will go and seek for grandmamma's permission to go with you."

Aimée found she had undertaken a rather difficult task, but at last succeeded in persuading Mrs. Courtland to allow her to comply with her cousin's request. Aimée was so precious a treasure, her grandmother feared to let her out of her sight; besides, she was by no means desirous of seeing her embrace her cousin's "views:" on the other hand, she could not bear to disappoint the girl, and lived in fear of her father reclaiming her altogether, if she did not declare herself perfectly happy.

Mrs. Cannon stood meanwhile, gazing at the picture. "How like her dead mother!" she murmured; "What will Aimée say when she finds out the truth?" Then as Mrs. Courtland's steps approached, she hastily dropped a sheet of paper over the face, and greeting her warmly, thanked her for allowing her to have Aimée's company.

"A walk will do her good," said Mrs. Courtland, and she assures me you will not take her into any infection?"

"O certainly not; I am only going to enquire for my former nursery-maid, and shall not remain many minutes."

"Goodbye, grandmamma," said Aimée, stooping to kiss her, "I shall be back to luncheon."

Her grandmother followed them into the hall, and stood at the window, watching the little figure in dark blue, till a turn in the road hid her from sight. "My heart's darling," she whispered, "but will it always be so? Will she too be stolen from me by the religion that I hate?" and the blue eyes flashed, and the fine brows were knit with anger.

On arriving at Miss Forsyth's, the door was opened by Rebecca, with a look of grave concern on her face. "Yes," trying to smile at her dear Miss Aimée, "Miss Forsyth was at home, and of course would see them, but they'd be pleased not to talk much to her, as she was far from well." And opening the door she ushered them into the drawing-room, where Helen lay on the sofa, very pale, and unable to rise and greet them, as she tried to do.

In a moment Aimée was at her side, and Laura followed, anxiously enquiring what ailed her?

"I only fainted just now, and Becky is not accustomed to such doings on my part."

"Won't you send for Dr. Bamber? You look really ill!"

"And are suffering pain, I am certain," broke in Aimée.

"Only a little in my side, and my heart beats uncomfortably when I try to move; but, indeed, I am not ill enough to require the doctor as yet, though I will promise to send for him if I am not better this afternoon," she added, seeing Aimée's troubled look.

"We came to ask you to spend the evening at the Rectory with Aimée, and help us with the church decorations. Of course now that is out of the question, but can you spare Aimée?"

"Please let me stay and take care of you," pleaded Aimée's soft voice.

"A thousand thanks, my darling; but I am really better alone and quite quiet to-day, and by the time you come to-morrow,—to luncheon, will you?—I shall be my-

self again," and she sat up and exerted herself to appear at ease so successfully that the cousins left her quite reassured. But when the door shut on their retreating forms, she sank back on her pillow with a low groan, and Rebecca was obliged to pour some drops of brandy between her lips before she could speak.

"Mayn't I go for Dr. Bamber, now, ma'am, or is there anyone else you would like to see?" and the elderly woman looked tenderly and beseechingly into her mistress's face.

She turned it aside, with a hasty "No, thank you, Becky, not yet; by and bye, perhaps," and she composed herself to sleep.

With a sigh the faithful domestic withdrew to a corner of the room, and drawing out her Rosary was soon absorbed in prayer for the mistress she had loved and served for many long years, and whose secrets she guessed, better, perhaps, than anyone else, though her gentle tact had prevented Helen from more than suspecting it to be so.

As Mrs. Cannon and Aimée walked quietly on together to the lower end of the town, they anxiously discussed Helen's state, and both agreed in fearing her illness was more serious than she would allow, but hoped it was partly the effect of the weather, which certainly was not cheering.

"Mrs. Rolfe?" enquired Laura, as in answer to her knock at a most wretched-looking house, a clean, very sickly-looking woman came to the door.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, curtseying, "What were you pleased to want?"

"I am Mrs. Cannon, and have come to inquire after your daughter Juliana."

A flush and a look of embarrassment came into the woman's face, but she respectfully made way them for into the little low kitchen which seemed full of half-clothed children. Mrs. Rolfe dusted a couple of chairs for her guests, and then said, as she lifted the babe from the cradle, and tried to hush it, "You'll excuse the room

not being more tidy, ladies, but the children are all home from school at this time, and Juliana's illness makes me very busy."

"Is she much worse?" enquired Mrs. Cannon.

"Yes, ma'am, the doctor don't think she'll last many weeks; I feel it a sad grief, ma'am; but, poor child, she's sorry enough for the past now; God is very merciful, and though it's never right to do wrong, the girl did it from a good motive, as you may say."

"What did she do?" enquired Mrs. Cannon, much bewildered, "She behaved very well when she was with us."

"Yes, ma'am, but she went without telling me where she was going, and I never knew where she was till she came home ill last Wednesday, or I'd rather have gone into the workhouse than that she should have deceived to have and keep the place, as she did—but I daresay she'd rather explain it to you herself. Josephine, go and see if Juliana is ready to see the ladies," she added to one of the gaping children.

The child returned at once down the steep staircase, or rather ladder, saying Juliana was quite ready; and with some difficulty Laura and Aimée mounted to the tiny room above, where a girl of about nineteen years of age lay gasping for breath on a low pallet. Her blue eyes were bright with fever, and large tears stood on her flushed cheeks; for a moment the thin hands hid them but then were clasped together, as she looked into Mrs. Cannon's face, and murmured: "O ma'am, can you ever, ever, forgive me? Indeed, it was all my own fault; Father Bernard and mother knew nothing of it."

"You must not agitate yourself like this, Juliana," said Laura very gently, "drink a few drops of water," and she held the glass to her lips, "and then try and tell me quietly what you have done, and I think I can promise to forgive you," she added, with a kind smile.

When she could speak Juliana said, "Please, ma'am, about four months ago, when father was taken ill and obliged to go to the hospital, I heard from a friend of

your place being vacant. Mother was laid up too, at the time, and I didn't know where to get bread for her and the little ones. I knew she and Father Bernard wouldn't let me take the place, nor would you accept me as a Catholic, so I said nothing about it, and kept away from all my religious duties during the time I was with you. O ma'am, I was very miserable," and once more the poor child was choked with her sobs, "and that night I was taken ill, and thought I was going to die; I made sure I should go to hell; God has been very merciful to me; Father Bernard had been absent in Rome, but directly he came back and heard I was ill he came to see me; I have been to confession, and I trust have made peace with God. I try to be glad of all the pain because I deserve it. You will forgive me, ma'am, for having deceived you, and you won't think worse of my religion for it, because you do understand, don't you, ma'am, that I have acted quite contrary to its precepts?"

Mrs. Cannon's eyes were full of tears, as she took the girl's hand in hers, and said "I forgive you with my whole heart, Juliana, and I respect your religion for the true repentance it has taught you."

A sweet smile crossed the now deadly white face, as Juliana sank back on her pillow. Mrs. Cannon, feeling she was better left quiet, turned to go, but before Aimée left the room, she bent over the sick girl, and kissing her forehead, whispered "Pray for me." Juliana smiled again and held up her rosary, and Aimée followed her cousin downstairs.

Mrs. Rolfe was in conversation with the doctor, who had just come in, so Mrs. Cannon only said "Good-bye," putting a small donation into her hand. "But really, ma'am," she expostulated, going to open the door, as the doctor went upstairs, "Juliana has behaved so badly to you."

"In deceiving me, yes; in all other respects she was a faithful and good servant; but I must not detain you now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you kindly, ladies."

The cousins walked on in silence, till, coming to a narrow, ecclesiastical-looking doorway, Laura stopped short, "Aimée, I should like to speak to Father Bernard about that poor girl. Do you mind waiting in the church? I can't leave you alone in this street, and aunt Mary might not like you to be introduced to a priest."

Aimée willingly consented, and, as Mrs. Cannon turned aside to the presbytery, lifted a heavy curtain, and stood, for the first time within her remembrance, in a Catholic church. It was small and simple, but a strange thrill passed over her, as her eyes rested on the tabernacle, and she saw by the lamp, that burned before it, that the Lord was there. She sank on her knees and prayed for herself, for her absent lover, for the poor girl she had just left. A feeling of rest, of home came over her, and she took no note of time until a touch on her shoulder roused her, and, looking up, she found Laura and a tall priest with keen dark eyes and iron grey hair standing beside her. She rose and was leaving the church, when the priest took some holy water, and presented it to her, and seeing she was puzzled, gently raised her hand, and guided it to sign herself with the sign of the cross, then holding it in his own, looked tenderly into her face, saying, "God bless my poor little stray lamb, and bring her back into the fold," bowed to Mrs. Cannon and retired into the sacristy.

The look of unrest had deepened on Laura's face, but she hurried Aimée on, saying they would be late for luncheon. "Father Bernard was most kind about the Rolfes, but spoke severely of Juliana's deceit."

"He thinks her truly penitent, does he not?" enquired Aimée, with a vivid recollection of Mr. Thrale's little book.

"O yes! Only somehow, I think Catholics, Roman Catholics I mean, attach more importance to sins, little sins, than we do."

Aimée was going to answer, when she heard her name

called, and glancing round saw her grandfather, watch in hand. "Late for luncheon, ladies! hope you are coming to take it with us, Laura?"

"No, thank you, uncle George, the chicks will be waiting for me, but I shall be very grateful if you will take charge of Aimée."

"You will come early this evening?" turning to her.

"Yes, if you wish," said poor Aimée, seeing no escape. Her grandfather was so interested in describing the ravages of last night's storm, that he did not notice Aimée's abstraction, and when they reached home, guests were there, and she was obliged to exert herself for their entertainment.

CHAPTER IV.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

PUNCTUALLY at six o'clock that evening, Aimée rang the Rectory bell. Laura came into the hall to greet her, looking flushed and excited, and as she helped her to remove her cloak and hat, said "Who do you think has arrived? Mr. Thrale. He is an old friend of William's, and we should be very glad to see him if only he had not come to tell us such bad news."

Aimée's heart nearly stood still. Bad news! Was it about Paul Carew? "What news?" she faltered.

"O, I forgot you knew Mr. Thrale, though he was asking about you just now—but the news is he has left the Church of England and joined that of Rome. He thinks he is doing right, of course, and seems very happy, but William is quite upset."

If Aimée had not longed to hear some news of

Paul Carew, she would have wished herself at home at this announcement, but with a beating heart she followed Laura into the drawing-room, shook hands with Mr. Cannon, who stood, with lowering brow, on the hearthrug, and then drew back in hesitation. Could this bright-faced young man, clad in grey tweed, be the asectic-looking young parson, in severest clerical attire, to whose admonitions she had listened with such respectful attention?

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Courtland?" he said, with a meaning smile, as he took her hand, and Aimée blushed and smiled as she replied:

"The change in your dress puzzled me for a moment."

"You know the reason of it. I have joined the true Church, *your* Church, Miss Courtland. You were baptized a Catholic, were you not?"

"I don't know," murmured Aimée, with a frightened perplexed look.

"Whatever she was baptized, she is one of my flock now," interposed Mr. Cannon, severely, "and as such I beg you will not attempt to disturb her mind."

Mr. Thrale gave a funny little bow, but did not look at all abashed at the rebuke, or as if he meant to attend to it.

Laura nervously interposed with a question, "Was Mr. Thrale on his way to Rome?"

"Not at present; my great friend, Paul Carew, is now in the Holy Land; I am going to join him, and hope to visit Rome on my way back;" he noted Aimée's blush, and went on: "Paul is a delightful fellow, and I feel sure I owe my conversion to his prayers. I only wish he wanted to be a priest, too, but he has other intentions, and a layman like him does lots of good."

Never had Aimée spent so pleasant an evening at the Rectory before; the decorations were not even mentioned, Mr. Thrale sang charmingly, and talked much of Paul Carew. He and Mr. Cannon walked home with Aimée, but she had no opportunity of private conversation. At the door, Mr. Thrale put a small square parcel into her

hand, and with a warm pressure said "I shall pray that we may meet again."

Aimée put the parcel into her pocket and went in to her grandparents. They questioned her of her evening's amusement, and were evidently not at all pleased to hear of Mr. Thrale's arrival. Several times Aimée was on the point of repeating the question about her baptism, but dared not. Her thoughts were in a strange confusion, and it was not until she was once more shut up in her bedroom, recalling all the events of the day, that she remembered the parcel Mr. Thrale had given to her.

She drew it from her pocket, and unfolding the paper, discovered a prayer-book bound in calf, evidently well used. In the fly-leaf was the title 'Garden of the Soul,' and in fine French writing, "Marie C. J. Joubin from Catherine Carew." Her mother's prayer-book! Aimée pressed it to her lips and then opening it, read and re-read page after page, until the fire had died out in the grate and a streak of daylight came through the curtains. Then hastily undressing, Aimée knelt for a few minutes before her crucifix, a Catholic in heart and belief, as by baptism, and fell asleep with the "Hail Mary" on her lips.

Aimée wondered the next morning whether she were glad or sorry, when Mrs. Courtland asked her to help her with some knitting and thus gave her a good opportunity of speaking on a subject which she knew by intuition would be displeasing to her grandmother. She began at last rather abruptly: "Grandmamma, there are two questions to which I very much wish to obtain answers: Was my mother a Roman Catholic, and was I baptized in her Faith?"

Mrs. Courtland dropped her knitting, and, starting from her seat, laid a heavy hand on Aimée's shoulder, "Your mother did belong to that most wicked and hateful religion—and you, Aimée, alas! were baptized in it; but my whole effort has been to keep you in ignorance of all connected with it. God only knows how I love you, child; but I declare to you, that if ever

you become a Catholic, I will tear you out of my heart, as I did your father, my only son, for marrying one, and never see or speak to you again. But," she added, with a sudden change to the most intense gentleness and tenderness, as she pressed her quivering lips to Aimée's forehead, "my precious darling will never give me that pain;" and ere the astonished girl could reply, she was gone.

Poor Aimée was terribly frightened, but resolved not to proceed further until she had seen Helen Forsyth. Mrs. Courtland sent her maid to say she had a bad headache, and wished to be quiet until Aimée's return. Swift, Aimée's own attendant, was to accompany her to Miss Forsyth's.

Helen was lying on the couch in the drawing-room when Aimée entered, and made no attempt to move; her face seemed to have grown strangely worn and old in those few hours, and there were dark circles round her sunken eyes. Aimée flung herself down by the couch, with a low cry of distress, and sobbed out, "Helen, darling, what is the matter?"

"Hush, my precious one, I shall soon be better;" then stroking back the fair curls she enquired anxiously "But what is wrong with you, my darling?" The crimson colour suffused the fair face for an instant, and then turned to deadly whiteness, making the eyes look deeper blue than ever, and the tiny hands clasped Helen's with a frightened appeal for protection.

"O Helen! I am in dreadful trouble with grandmamma," adding with a vivid blush, " and if it won't hurt you to hear about it, it would be such a comfort to tell you."

"It will do me good not harm, sweetest; you know you always bring all your troubles to me."

Aimée bent her head, and fixing her eyes on the ground said, "Grandmamma told me to-day my mother died a Roman Catholic, and I was baptized one; why did you never tell me, Helen?" Then without looking up she went

on hurriedly in a shy whisper—"I don't know why I did not tell you before, but when I was staying at aunt Lucy's, I met a cousin Paul Carew, and we liked each other, and he went away, because I said I was a Protestant; grandmamma says she will turn me out if I follow my mother's religion, and Helen, I *must*," hiding her face in her hands.

Was it a dream that Helen whispered "Thank God?"

Aimée looked up startled to see Miss Forsyth lying back on the cushions, ghastly white, with an unearthly blue colour round her mouth.

"Call Becky," she whispered, and Aimée hastily summoned the faithful old woman; remedies were at hand, as Dr. Bamber had been sent for the previous night, and in half-an-hour Helen could breathe and speak again. Rebecca insisted on her going to bed, and as soon as she was settled there, with Aimée sitting beside her, Helen looked up into the servant's face, and said, with an effort, but quite firmly: "Now Becky, go and ask Father Bernard to come to me immediately."

"Thank God and our Blessed Lady, ma'am, and that I will, and Miss Aimée will stay by you while I'm away, but mind, miss, no talking please, the doctor said mistress was to be quite still, after one of these attacks."

Aimée promised obedience, and off hurried the faithful old servant muttering "Thank God!" under her breath.

The sick room was perfectly silent except for the occasional falling of a coal. Aimée sat as in a dream, only now and then stroking or kissing the thin white hand she held in her own, while Helen lay motionless, except for the quick beating of her heart, going over the past, and pleading for help for the task before her.

At last steps were heard approaching, and Becky ushered in the tall priest Aimée had seen in the church. She motioned Aimée to follow her out of the room, and Father Bernard and Helen were left alone.

CHAPTER V.

PAINFUL REVELATIONS.

AS Aimée entered the drawing-room, she gave a start of eager delight, at the sight of a tall fair man, who stood leaning against the chimney piece. "Papa, O papa!" was all she could say, as she sprang into his arms, and nestled there with a complete sense of rest and protection. Her father bent tenderly over her, caressing the fair head, and anxiously noting the tokens of past and present trouble in the sweet little face.

"Have you been ill or unhappy, my darling?" he enquired, in the deep sweet tones Aimée loved so dearly, and for which Helen had longed with an aching heart.

"Not ill, but unhappy about Helen,—and dear papa, you won't mind, will you?" and she looked up into the blue eyes that were exactly like her own, with the most entreating expression—"I am a Catholic."

"And your mother's prayer is answered. You are my own Aimée whatever you do, but what will grandmamma say?"

"She said she would never see or speak to me again," sobbed poor Aimée, "and would turn me out of her heart as she had you; but you are not a Catholic, are you, papa?" and she looked up eagerly through her tears.

"No Aimée, but I married one, a girl whom she hated, not only for her religion, but because she crossed her fondest plans. Your grandmother, Aimée, wanted me to marry Helen Forsyth, and she never forgave your mother for coming as she thought between us, and she still believes I should have made Helen my wife, if it had not been for my devotion to Marie's memory. She is mistaken," he added, after a moment's pause; "your mother was my first love, but she was almost too young to know her own heart, and coquetted with me if she did not deceive me;"—his voice was low, stern, and full of

pain—"she repented afterwards, and with Helen's assistance I was recalled to her side, married her, and I trust made her happy for the short year she was spared to me, but there was never any explanation between us; and wrongly, no doubt," and he stroked Aimée's hair very tenderly, "I ascribed it to her religion, and in spite of my promise to her, allowed your grandmother to bring you up a Protestant."

"And Helen?" queried Aimée, gently.

"When I saw her tender care of you; when I learnt to know her noble character, I loved her, Aimée, and thought I had won her heart; but when I asked her to be my wife, she refused, and has done so repeatedly. I saw my presence gave her exquisite pain, and would deprive you of her constant care, and therefore I remained away; now she has sent for me only to see her die," and burying his face in his hands he groaned with anguish.

Aimée sat quite still—her little hands clasped together, and her tears falling fast, as her memory recalled the past, and felt sure that her father was not mistaken, and Helen loved him; then came a ray of hope, "might not Helen get better, and she, Aimée, be a means of bringing them together? "Papa, is there no chance of her recovery?"

"None, the doctor says she cannot live a week."

The door opened, and Father Bernard entered. He held out his hand to Mr. Courtland with a look of deep sympathy, "Miss Forsyth wishes to see you and your daughter immediately, he said; "she has something very painful for her to tell, and you to hear—to communicate to you, but for her sake I am sure you will try to be very calm," and he layed his hand on Aimée's bowed head, with an encouraging pressure; "any agitation would hasten the end, and she has still much to do."

"We will come at once," replied Mr. Courtland, rising, "if my daughter is able for it," as Aimée turned white and staggered as his arm was withdrawn.

Father Bernard turned to Aimée with a kind anxious

look, "My poor child, what can we do for you? Ah! that's right," as Rebecca entered with some coffee. He made Aimée sit down, and insisted on both her and her father taking a cup before they went upstairs. Mr. Courtland consented, provided he did the same, but he was evidently in a great hurry, and as soon as the colour came back to Aimée's lips, took her hand, and led the way to Helen's room.

Never in the days of her youth had Helen Forsyth looked more beautiful than now, as she lay, supported by pillows, watching their entrance. Her hair hung like a shower of gold over the white pillows, her cheeks, glowing with fever, were of the deepest shade of rose pink, and her eyes, softened and glittering with tears, shone with deep and intense feeling. Mr. Courtland took one of the burning white hands, and pressed it to his lips, while Aimée sank down on her knees on the other side of the narrow bed and hid her face in the clothes. A small marble font and a prayer-book were on a table near the bed, and Father Bernard quietly seated himself on a chair beside it, where he could watch the changes in Helen's face.

For a moment there was perfect silence in the room, then Helen began in a low clear tone:—

"I sent for you, Cuthbert Courtland, to make a confession to you, and to ask your forgiveness, and to tell Aimée facts she ought to know concerning her dead mother. I have deceived you, darkened your life, abused your trust, but I think you will not refuse your pardon? No," as Mr. Courtland was about to speak, "let me tell you all, and then answer me if you will.

"I must go back a long way—to our first acquaintance in this very house. I was young, self-willed, passionate, and accustomed in all things to have my own way, and I was terribly angry when I perceived that the simple, quiet Marie Joubin was preferred to me. I am ashamed to own how I tried to outdo my gentle friend, but she, in her simple trust, never saw it, and even you were deceived into thinking I was as faithful to her as she

was to me. In her shy modesty she shrank from your attentions, though well I knew how much she cared for them. She was painfully conscious of your mother's dislike to her; in her company she always clung to me, and may God forgive me, I encouraged her fears and dwelt triumphantly on Mrs. Courtland's objection to Catholics.

"You remember my cousin, Harry Breton; Marie knew from him of his devotion to me, and on that account, and having constantly met him at her mother's, when I was living with them, was quite at ease with him. I need not tell you how I tried to insinuate to you that it was on Harry's account that Marie hesitated to accept your advances; enough, that I partly succeeded; you became anxious and doubtful, and I saw, with wicked joy, did not like to propose.

"At last came my birthday, when my dear father insisted on giving a ball in my honour. You joined me in the morning, on my way to the jewellers, where I was going to choose a bracelet for Marie. Harry Breton was already in the shop, looking at pearl ornaments. He coloured and seemed abashed at our entrance. I carelessly remarked to you, as I turned over the bracelets, that pearls were the jewels most suitable to Marie, and he turned round and said emphatically, 'Yes, that they were, as they were the emblems of purity.' I laughed, and looked significantly at you, and saw the dark cloud on your brow.

"We walked on to the nursery-garden in silence, but when I came out from giving my orders, you approached with an air of determination, holding a basket of roses, of an exquisite whiteness, just touched with delicate pink, fitly named the 'maiden's blush,' in your hand. 'Miss Forsyth,' you said, 'you are a true friend to me and to Miss Joubin. I am too proud a man to risk a refusal, but will you give these flowers to Marie, and tell her if she wears them to-night I shall know I may venture to speak to her of that which is nearest to my heart—if

not, I will never trouble her again.' Forgive me, Cuthbert, for the pain these recollections must give you, but Aimée must know the whole truth."

Mr. Courtland pressed the hand he held, and, at a sign from Father Bernard gave Helen some cordial, which was placed ready; she went on:

"I carried the roses home, and carefully concealed them in my room. How the hours of that day passed I cannot tell, my mind was in a chaos, and the devil tortured me with his temptations. At last I yielded, and resolved I would give neither the flowers nor the message. I had just come to this conclusion when my maid entered with a magnificent bouquet and jeweller's case from Harry Breton, containing a set of pearls—his 'birthday offering to his queen.' I sent Rebecca to the cloak-room, saying I would finish my own toilet. Marie knocked and entered, and as I turned to look at her, what was my dismay to see among her sunny brown curls, and nestling against her white neck, bunches of maiden blush roses. She saw something was amiss, and enquired eagerly 'What was wrong? Did I not like her dress?' She thought I had particularly wished it to be white, and 'Mother thought you would not mind the touch of pink in the roses?' 'Yes,' I replied—how was it the words did not burn my tongue—I could not look at her, as I told her the lie, 'but I have a present for you here, and I had set my heart on your wearing it.' I opened the case in my hand, and showed her the coronet and necklace of pearls. 'For me? O Helen! how very kind of you, but they are almost too grand for me.' 'The person I was with when I chose them did not think so,' I said archly, and Marie made no further objection, as I disentangled the roses from her curls, and replaced them with the pearl coronet. She would have retained a single rose in front of her dress, but I managed to knock it to pieces, as I fastened the necklace; her gentle thanks were like scorpion's stings, and I hastened to complete my own dressing and we descended the stairs together.

"A group of men, and you among them, Cuthbert, stood awaiting us. I saw your glance at Marie, and look of bitter pain and disappointment, and for a moment I almost relented, but the devil whispered in my ear that now was my time, and, like many other hearts, your's might be caught in the rebound, and I threw myself into the pleasures of the evening with apparent enjoyment. I talked, laughed, flirted, never was so much admired and sought after, but your look of suffering haunted me, and as I covertly watched Marie, I saw the animation and colour die out of her sweet face, as you pointedly avoided her, and when towards the close of the evening one of your friends announced you were leaving Darton on the following day, for the Continent, I thought she would have fainted.

"The months that followed were full of terrible pain to us both, for though I can hardly expect you to believe it, I really and tenderly loved Marie. Her mother died suddenly, and to the shock the doctors ascribed the gradual fading away of my dear little friend, but I knew better, the voice she was yearning to hear, the love she was dying for, was not her mother's. Remorse was stirring in my heart, and there were other influences at work.

"During her trouble and illness, I was constantly with Marie, continually meeting Father Bernard, and I learnt to know and believe the Catholic Faith. I began to spend hours in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and it was after one of those visits that, kneeling by Marie's bed, I confessed the wrong I had done her but made her solemnly promise that to no one, and above all not to you, would she betray my treachery. 'But,' she said, in her innocent child-like way, 'you will have to tell it when you go to confession.' I said nothing to her, but my pride rose up in wild rebellion, and for twenty long years the devil has used those simple words to keep me in the paths of deceit and hypocrisy."

Tears of agony dropped from Helen's eyes, and Father

Bernard stepped forward as if to interrupt her, but with an imploring gesture, she said:

"Let me tell it all now, Father: let me feel, before I die, I have done my utmost to clear my darling from all blame, and to humble myself before those I have sorely wronged.

"You remember, Cuthbert, my letter of recall, how slyly it insinuated Marie's fickleness, and how carefully I warned you not to allude to the past, for fear of increasing her illness. You cannot have forgotten either your mother's anger at your choice, and how glad you were to carry off your wife to a warmer climate—but hardly a year later, you wrote it was too late, and that Marie wished to come home, and to me, to die. O how the sight of her perfect resignation and purity touched my heart! her entire forgiveness and trust in me, and sweet pleasure in my devotion to her babe, her little Aimée. I promised her not to delay my reception into the Church, and to take care that Aimée was brought up a Catholic;—and both promises I broke, and why? because after Marie's death I perceived what was your mother's desire, and I saw too, as the months went on, that the gift I had desired and sinned for was mine at last.

"How well I remember that summer evening, when we sat together on the sands, with Aimée lying asleep on my knee, and you asked, implored me, to be your wife. I loved you with my whole heart, but I dared not take the wages of my guilt, I dared not bring the doom I felt hanging over me, on your beloved head. Each time you have asked me since, the same conviction has held me back. It was remorse, not repentance, but only when the cold hand of death was on my heart did I resolve to make reparation. God has taken care of my little Aimée, and brought her to the true fold; I have not, through His tender mercy, injured her eternally, but Cuthbert, can you forgive?"

Her voice failed. Mr. Courtland bent over her,

and said tenderly, "May God forgive you as fully and entirely as I do, my dear Helen."

"And you will let Aimée follow her mother's religion and try to make her resemble her?"

"I will with the help of God," he answered reverently.

"May I be baptized now?" enquired Helen, turning to the priest with a look of most intense humility and longing. He took Mr. Courtland's place, and after a few minutes' whispered conversation, touched Aimée's bowed head, "My child, Miss Forsyth wants your forgiveness ere she is baptized from the very same font where you were made a Christian nineteen years ago."

Aimée, looking quite exhausted with cry ing, leant over and kissed Helen.

"Forgive me and pray for me now and always," she murmured.

"Always," replied Aimée, and the priest performed the holy rite, and gently requested to be left alone with his penitent.

CHAPTER VI.

PEACE AT LAST.

THE summer sun is beginning to sink to the west, and a light breeze coming in from the sea ruffles Aimée's fair curls, and stirs the petals of the roses she is forming into a cross and wreath. She is seated at the foot of the crucifix in the little Catholic cemetery, and ever and anon raises her head to look for her father, who had promised to be with her more than half-an-hour ago. At last he opens the wicket gate and crosses the

grass to her side, he looks grave and sad, much older in the last six months, and can hardly repress a heavy sigh, as his little daughter raises her face for a kiss.

"I thought you would never come, papa; I arranged the flowers on Juliana's grave long ago, but I waited for you to place these; will you take the cross?"

Mr. Courtland complied, and they went to a retired spot where stood a white marble cross, bearing the name of Helen Forsyth, and the motto "Jesu Mercy," her own choice. Father and daughter knelt and repeated the *De Profundis*, and then, placing the cross and wreath on the green mound, turned slowly away with a whispered prayer. Aimée paused by another grave, also bright with flowers and marked by a tiny stone cross, to say a prayer for Juliana, to whose memory she had erected it and then taking her father's arm proposed they should turn their steps towards home, as she was sure he was tired.

"Not exactly tired, but I think I am growing old, Aimée," he said sadly.

"No, no, papa; only weary with all the sorrow you have had," and Aimée looked down at her deep mourning to hide the tears that filled her blue eyes.

Helen Forsyth had only lived a few days after her reception into the Church, but those days had been spent in truest penitence and love. The picture of the Sacred Heart was never out of her sight, and to that Sacred Heart she committed herself in humility and trembling hope. She left her house and all she possessed to Aimée, and provided comfortably for her faithful Rebecca.

Old Mrs. Courtland had been so enraged when she heard of Aimée's reconciliation to the Church, which had taken place the day after her father's arrival, that it brought on a fit, and she sank rapidly. Just at the last she consented to see her son and Aimée, and showed them some tokens of affection, but it was all very sad, and Cuthbert and his daughter could not help feeling relieved, when "aunt Lucy," Mrs. Conroy, had

carried off her father for a long visit, and they found themselves alone together in Helen Forsyth's old home.

Aimée had had the happiness of seeing her father follow Helen's example, and day by day knelt beside him in the chapel where her mother had loved to worship; but all her father's care and tenderness could not prevent her from missing Helen terribly, or wondering, with an aching heart, why she heard nothing of Paul Carew? Was he ill? Had he ceased to care for her? Had he developed a vocation for the priesthood after all?

She tried to be cheerful for her father's sake, who almost idolized her, reminded by her sweetness and gentleness of his child wife; by her talent and powers of mind of the woman to whom he had given the strong love of his manhood. Her father wondered, as he led Aimée along, if the news he was about to tell her would bring back the colour to her cheeks and the light to her eyes—as long as she was happy, he would not care what became of himself and then another sigh escaped him at the thought of life without his child.

"I am sure something is wrong, papa," persisted Aimée.

"No, but something has happened, my love—we have one or rather two guests coming to dinner to-night, and who do you think they are? Mr. Thrale and your cousin Paul Carew."

The gathering darkness prevented his seeing her face, but he felt the little hand tremble on his arm, and heard the falter in the sweet voice, as she said, "I am glad; but we shall have time for our visit to the Church, shall we not, papa?"

"Yes, my love;" and he drew back the curtain and watched with eyes of tender affection, as the slight figure passed up the church, and knelt at the altar. A tall manly figure was kneeling before the statue of the Sacred Heart. Mr. Courtland whispered a few words to him, and left the church.

Aimée lingered long at her prayers. She felt lonely

and bewildered to-night, and half afraid of the very happiness she had wished for. She did not look up, as the holy water was given to her, and the curtain uplifted, but as she stepped into the porch, her hand was taken in a firm gentle clasp, and Paul Carew's voice said: "*Deo gratias*, He has granted my prayer, Aimée, and you will not refuse to be my wife, will you, my darling?"

She whispered "No," and then walked home with her hand on his arm in a sort of mist of joy and shyness. The door was opened by her father; he held out his arms to Aimée, and she hid her face on his shoulder, but when with one hand he softly raised the little head, and tried to see under the downcast lids, he could not doubt of her happiness, and said, as brightly as he could, "So I am to lose my pet, after all? Don't you think I am very generous to give Paul Carew a welcome?"

Aimée gave him one of her silent passionate kisses, and ran away to dress for dinner. The meal passed off cheerfully, Aimée came down, in her deep black, of course, but relieved by bunches of white roses in her hair and at her throat, and there were pink roses too in her cheeks, and her eyes laughed once more beneath their long lashes at the "traveller's tales" the young men vied with each other in telling.

Afterwards, Mr. Thrale went off to see the Cannons; they hardly spoke to Aimée now, Laura looked graver and more harassed than before, and people said "Mr. Cannon was much to be pitied for his cousin's conduct." Mr. Courtland proposed an adjournment to the garden, and they sat in the twilight, talking in low tones of the Holy Places Paul had lately visited and of Rome, which he told Aimée he was longing to show her.

"Shall we spend next winter there?" he enquired, bending down to look into the sweet eyes; but with a quick gesture Aimée laid her hand on her father's arm.

"I cannot leave my father all alone, even for you, Paul," she whispered.

"My darling," said her father's voice, trying to be steady, "if you don't leave me, I shall leave you. I am going with Mr. Thrale."

"Going where?"

"To St. Joseph's, not to attempt to be a priest, but a humble lay-brother in the Order you love so well."

Aimée looked up, with a strange smile of peace on her face, towards the moon-light, which lay like a path of silver on the hushed waves, to the grave calm on her father's noble brow, to the shining happiness in her lover's eyes, and murmured softly to herself, her "Te Deum" of thanksgiving.

ARE THEY PRIESTS?

I.

THIS is certainly an age of claimants. We have had a claimant to the honours and birth-right of the Tichborne family. We have had a claimant to the title and estates of Derwentwater. Scarcely a year passes in which claimants do not come forward to prove before the House of Peers their right to assume the inheritance of family honours of the past. Not to be behind the age, a certain number of Anglican clergy have of late come forward as claimants to the honours of the Catholic priesthood, and have asked to be recognized as true priests, who have succeeded to the inheritance by an unbroken Apostolic Succession. What was claimed by the highest of High Churchmen in the past was something very different from this.* They assume the dress and bearing of a Catholic priest. They give out to the world at large that they are what they profess to be. They present themselves even to some of the Catholic poor and tell them that there is nothing to choose between their own pastor and his Anglican copy, as there is no real difference, &c., &c. When taken to task by the learned, and confronted with the many stern facts which stand in the way of any such conclusion, they answer: "We are satisfied that our Orders are valid." That may be; it is well to remind these persons that the satisfaction of those most concerned in the issue goes for very little in such a question. A man, for instance, may personally be quite satisfied of his right to a peerage, and a seat in the House of Lords. Does this private conviction confer the right upon him and justify him in using it? By no means. He must prove his claim to be valid to the satisfaction of those amongst whom he aspires to rank, and until he does this he is compelled to act as a commoner. If every one who would be a lord, is to be acknowledged as such because *he* is satisfied that he is one, what would become of the peerage? The English people may well be thankful there is a tribunal to adjudicate upon all such pretentious claims, and that

* *Vide* Hooker.

no amount of satisfaction on the part of individuals can supply the defect if it refuses its recognition. It tends to keep nobodies of all classes in their place.

The same is true of the priesthood. The fact that the old Catholic rite for administering the Sacraments of Orders was deliberately, and for doctrinal purposes, almost destroyed by the Reformers, throws upon those who stand by the new Anglican one the *onus probandi* of showing that this mutilation has not invalidated the sacrament. At times for the last three hundred years they have been trying to prove this, and have not succeeded in doing so to the satisfaction of any one besides themselves.

The practical rejection of their claim by the combined voice of those Christians in the East and West who are acknowledged by all to have retained a valid priesthood, is a fact which ought to have some weight even with Anglicans. Sufficient weight indeed to suggest a doubt as to the existence of those spiritual powers which are so universally questioned; a doubt serious enough to render any attempt to use them unlawful, and this, for the obvious reason that the reverence due to the Christian ministry does not permit us even to risk its profanation by the assumption of priestly powers whose validity is at all doubtful. For when dealing with the sacraments, we cannot, in a case like this, lawfully act even upon a probable opinion, but are bound to choose the safer side.

The historical facts necessary even on the Anglican theory of valid Orders are highly questionable. They never have been proved, and cannot be. Until they are, Anglican Orders must be held as historically doubtful, and for all practical purposes dealt with as if they had no existence.

Shall we ever satisfy our Anglican friends that to attempt to confer sacraments, and to send souls into eternity only in the probability or improbability, as the case may be, of their being valid priests, is the very refinement of trifling with God?

The historical facts, which must ever be an insuperable difficulty in their way, are the following:

1. Queen Elizabeth, having no right whatever to

do so, deposed all the Catholic Bishops, except Kitchen who had conformed, and resolved to replace them by Protestants. Then came the difficulty, how to get such men consecrated. Of the lawful English bishops, not one would have hand or part in any such transaction. Even Kitchen refused. The Queen therefore was compelled to look elsewhere, and called in a man named Barlow to carry out her will. He was Bishop *elect* beyond a doubt, but was he ever *consecrated?* We have no documentary evidence to show the day, the place, or the fact of his consecration; and (this makes the clause *elect* more significant) the more we learn of him, the stronger is the case against the supposition that he was a consecrated Bishop. He openly held that election was all that was requisite. Cranmer, his Primate, whose business it was to see that he was consecrated, has laid down for us the following principle as Christian and true, upon which doubtless he was prepared to act: "In the New Testament he that is *appointed* to be a bishop or priest needeth no consecration by the Scripture, for *election* or *appointing* thereto is sufficient."* We know that Lancaster, another Reformer, conferred Orders on the strength of his election without consecration, and that they were not questioned, although his conduct was blamed as being irregular. In April, 1536, Barlow was *elected* Bishop of St. David's. On the 21st of the same month his election was confirmed by Cranmer. On the 26th he received the grant of temporalities, after which he was called and acted as "Bishop of St. David's." On the 27th he was summoned to the House of Peers as Bishop, and on May the 1st was enthroned in his see—all this without having been consecrated: for the grant of temporalities to Barlow is quite incompatible with the fact of his consecration, being such as was sometimes made to a Bishop *elect* before his consecration, but never to a consecrated Bishop. Moreover, when Barlow took his seat in the House of Peers, June 30th, the Bishop of Norwich, who was consecrated on June the 11th,

* Collier, vol. ii. App. p. 51.

took precedence. That Barlow was not consecrated before the 12th of June is further proved by the fact that he is styled Bishop *elect* of St. David's on the 12th of June, in an official document by Cromwell, the King's vicar-general, who must have known the facts of the case. A consecrated Bishop in possession of his see, as Barlow was, was never styled Bishop *elect.* Haddan, Barlow's defender, fixes the 11th of June, 1536, as the latest date on which his consecration could have taken place. In Cranmer's Register is found the entry of Barlow's confirmation by Cranmer with a blank space left for the entry of his consecration. This blank space has never been filled up. What reason can be assigned for the omission to make the entry, except that the consecration never took place? Besides, the fact that the present official entry in the Lambeth Register states that Parker had four consecrators instead of being consecrated by Barlow alone, as is stated in the copy of the previous entry found amongst Foxe's MSS. in the British Museum, proves that the official wire-pullers were anxious for appearance sake to dispense with Barlow as the connecting link in the Anglican succession. Again, what reason can there be for this, except to cover the fact, that Barlow was acting as consecrator without having been consecrated himself? This is the only case in which documentary evidence is not forthcoming.* As Barlow consecrated Parker, the first Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, the Anglican

* See Stubbs' *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*, who has been able to supply *documentary* evidence in every case, including Bonner's, except Barlow's. All he can do for him is to refer to "Haddan on Bramhall," who assumes, quite gratuitously, that Barlow must have been consecrated on June the 11th, along with the Bishop of Norwich, and have had the same consecrators, because they took their seats together in the House of Lords, June 30, Barlow, however, taking the lower place, which would not have been the case had they been consecrated together, as his was the senior appointment. Cromwell's warrant, however, to the Garter-King-at-Arms, dated June 12th, in which Barlow is described as still "*elect* of St. David's," has since been discovered, and it clearly proves that he had not been consecrated on the 11th, and that Haddan's assumption is quite baseless. See *Was Barlow a Bishop?* By Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, C.T.S., 1d.

claim hangs by him; and until the fact of his consecration can be cleared of the doubts that hang over it, and fully established beyond all question, the Anglican claim to a certainly valid Priesthood, must undoubtedly be disallowed.*

2. The great laxity of teaching and practice regarding Baptism in the Church of England, is another insuperable difficulty. The denial of regeneration in Baptism has always been allowed and practically acted upon within her pale. As a necessary consequence there have been generations of her children who have never received valid Baptism. Some clergymen have administered the rite without water; some with a damp finger; others by sprinkling the child's clothes; or have in some other way invalidated the sacrament. Hence in a given case, unless there is direct evidence to the contrary, we cannot take for granted the existence of valid Baptism. There is a very strong presumption then, that, where our Lord has not left a certain rule as to Baptism, He has not left a valid priesthood. A man who is not, formally speaking, even a Christian, cannot be a Christian priest or Bishop, and as long as there is a question about Anglican Baptism in the past, a certainly valid priesthood is out of the question. There is grave reason to doubt the valid Baptism of the following Anglican Archbishops: Tait, Longley, Sumner, Thompson, Musgrave, Vernon, Harcourt, Markham, Drummond, Howley, Sutton, Moore, Cornwallis, Herring, Tillotson, and Secker, because of the laxity in practice, *common* at the time of their Baptism.† Not one of these men would now be admitted even into lay communion in the Catholic Church, or even in the schismatic Greek Churches, without receiving at least conditional Baptism; and as the Anglican succession has passed through their hands,‡ the grave

* See p. 12.

† Dr. Tait, *e.g.*, was baptized only as a Presbyterian, and the general practice in Scotland amongst the better class of Anglicans is to baptize all such converts conditionally.

‡ See Hutton's *Anglican Ministry*, p. 543, where the Anglican Succession from Barlow to Tait is given.

doubt that attaches to the validity of their Baptisms must attach also to the validity of their Orders, even if the Anglican succession had otherwise been continuous and all the requisites for valid ordination had been otherwise complied with, which is by no means the case.

3. The instruments, or emblems, of office were not delivered to the candidate in the case of Parker and others. We know that in the case of a Catholic candidate this omission, when accidental, necessitates the ordination to be repeated conditionally. In the case of Anglicans, this omission was intentional and for a doctrinal purpose, and is much more serious. For in accordance with a principle we shall have to discuss later, he who purposely mutilates a sacramental rite, must be taken not to intend to do that which the Church does when she uses that rite, and hence the sacrament is not conferred. Such are a few of the historical difficulties which render the recognition of certainly valid Anglican Orders impossible.

II.

The theological difficulties are even greater than the historical ones. As far back as A.D. 398, the Fourth Council of Carthage, Canon II, decreed as follows: "When a bishop is ordained, let two bishops place and hold the copy of the Gospels over his head and neck; and while one is saying over him the Benediction, let all the other bishops touch his head with their hands." This rite here described was at this early date fully established throughout the West, and hence must be accepted as of Apostolic origin. This Benediction, given in all the Liturgies of the West, begins *Propitiare Domine* and continues *Deus honor omnium*, as it is found in the Roman Pontifical of the present day. And to mark its importance it is styled, together with the accompanying imposition of hands, the *Consecration*. This portion of the rite is so essentially a part of the matter and form of the sacrament that even its *accidental* omission in the case of a Catholic bishop

would, as the Sacred Congregation of Rites has decided,* necessitate his being consecrated over again conditionally: much more so, then, if the omission were sacrilegious, of set purpose and on doctrinal grounds. Now, Cranmer devised a new ordinal in accordance with his Calvinistic ideas about Orders, in which he swept away the whole of this rite prescribed by all the Western liturgies, and by which alone, up to about the fourteenth century, all the bishops of the Church of England had been consecrated. The Anglican Bishop of Worcester, in a charge published June 1883, says of Cranmer's ordinal: "There is, perhaps, no formulary or document which marks more clearly the *essential difference* between the office of ministers of the Church of Rome and the functions of ministers of the Church of England." He proceeds to point out the mutilations which the old rite for consecrating the bishops of the Church of England underwent in order to reduce it to the level of a Calvinistic ordinance, and concludes that the powers conferred by these rites which were made to differ essentially and intentionally must be essentially different. This argument is perfectly sound. It is that of St. Thomas, who teaches that where there is a question of the sacraments, if a man of set purpose alters the form which the Church uses, when she confers her sacraments, he must be taken not to mean to do that which the Church does when she uses that form, and hence that the sacrament is not conferred.† It is also that of Cardinal Newman, who says of the Church's rite: "It is a concrete whole, one, and indivisible, and acts *per modum unius*, and having been established by the Church, and being in possession, it cannot be cut up into bits, be docked and twisted into essentials and non-essentials, genus and species, matter and form, at the heretical will of a Cranmer or Ridley, or turned into a fancy ordinal by a royal commission of divines without a sacrilege perilous to its validity."‡

* *Vide* Benedict XIV., *de Syn.* l. 8. c. 10. no. 13.

† *Summa*, p. 3. q. 60 a. 7 ad 3.

‡ Essays Crit. and Hist., vol. ii *of the Church of England*, p. 82

The old Catholic writer Sancta Clara, who has been claimed as a believer in Anglican Orders, thus states the same theological principle: "Since they have changed the Church's forms *de industria* and declare that they do not what the Church intends . . . and have solemnly decreed against the power of sacrificing and consecrating, that is, in the sense of the old and present Catholic Church, of changing the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ our Lord, as appears in the twenty-eighth and twenty-first articles, it evidently concludes that they never did or could validly ordain priests, and consequently bishops; having, as I said, expressed clearly the deprivation of their intentions in order to the first and principal part of ordination, which consisteth in the power *super Corpus Christi verum* of consecrating and sacrificing His true Body, by them professedly denied, and the sacrifice declared a *pernicious imposture.*"*

This ordinal of Cranmer was used up to 1662, when it was altered on the ground of its alleged insufficiency, a distinct admission that the use of the said ordinal cast doubt on the validity of Anglican orders in many minds.†

Again, by the fourth Canon of the first General Council of Nice, which was the universal law of the whole Christian Church, for a lawful consecration, three bishops were required who were bishops of the province, and whose consecrations were unquestionable. Now, at the consecration of Parker, the first Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, this

* *Vide* Estcourt's *Anglican Ordinations*, p. 239.

† Burnet says "they agreed on a form of ordaining Deacons, Priests, and Bishops which is the same we yet use, except in some few words, that have been added since in the ordination of a Priest or Bishop. *For there was then no express mention made in the words of ordaining them that it was for the one or other office.* In both it was said, 'Receive thou the Holy Ghost, in the name of the Father,' &c. . . . *But that having been since made use of to prove both functions the same*, it was of late years altered, as it is now," &c. (*Hist.* of *Ref.* ii. b. i. p. 252, ed. Pocock).

custom was not complied with. No three English bishops would have anything to do with it. Barlow, the consecrator, as far as we know, was only a bishop elect. Scory and Coverdale had never been consecrated by the rite of the Church of England, but only by Cranmer's ordinal, which even Anglicans have since rejected as invalid, and Hodgskins was present only as assistant. So that there was but one certainly consecrated bishop present on the occasion, and he was not the consecrator. Even if he had been, theology holds that, except in cases of necessity and by pontifical commission, a consecration in which three bishops do not take part is doubtful,* on the principle laid down by St. Thomas, Cardinal Newman, and Sancta Clara. In fact, up to the time of the Tractarian movement Anglicans themselves strenuously maintained that—since the altars of the old Church of England, together with its Priesthood and Christian Sacrifice, in which Christ was offered for the living and the dead, were swept away in the sixteenth century, and replaced by tables, ministers, a communion service, and articles which denounce the offering of Christ for the living and the dead, as a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit"—they had no real Priesthood amongst them in the old Catholic sense of the word, but only in the sense of elders or ministers. Mason is careful to explain that ministers are called priests *only by way of allusion*,† and he denies emphatically the existence of a real Christian Priesthood. And Hooker writes in the same sense: "Seeing that *Sacrifice is now no part of the Church ministry*, how should the name of priesthood be thereunto rightly applied? Surely even as St. Paul applieth the name of flesh unto that very substance of fishes, which hath a proportionable correspondence to flesh, *although it be in nature another thing*."‡ Even Waterland, following Mede, contends that Anglicans have only a "material sacrifice, the sacrifice of bread and wine, analogous to the *Mincha*

* St. Alphonsus Liguori, *De ordine*, n. 755.
† *Consecration of Bishops in the Church of England*, bk. v. ch. i. &c.
‡ *Eccl. Polity*, bk. v. ch. lxxviii. (vol. ii. p. 471, ed. Keble.)

of the old Law;"* but this was two hundred years after Hooker's time.

Such, in short, are some of the reasons why in Mary's reign we find those consecrated by the Anglican ordinal put on one side, one after the other, by *reason of the nullity of their consecration,*† and why the validity of Anglican Orders has ever since been regarded by the Catholic world as a phantom. "Show me," says Cardinal Newman, "if you can, any religious communion of present or past time which has eventually on all hands been acknowledged to be a portion of the Catholic Church on the strength of its Catholic Orders, which, nevertheless, has been for three whole centuries unanimously ignored by East and West, which for three centuries has employed the pens of its occasional and self-constituted defenders in laboriously clearing away, with but poor success, the aboriginal suspicions which have clung to it, on the part of so many, of the invalidity of those Orders; which, as if unthankful for such defence, has for three centuries persistently suffered the Apostolicity of those Orders, and the necessity and grace of such Apostolicity, to be slighted or denied by its Bishops, priests, and people, with utter impunity; which has for three centuries been careless to make sure that its consecrating Bishops, and the Bishops who ordained the priests who were to be consecrated, and those priests themselves, had been validly baptized; which has for three centuries neglected to protect its Eucharist from the profanations, not only of ignorance and unbelief, but of open sacrilege; show me such a case, such a long sustained anomaly, and such ultimate recognition, and then I will allow that the recognition of Anglicanism on the part of the Holy See is not beyond the limits of reasonable expectation."‡

III.

It is replied that in Cranmer's ordinal the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost," &c., were retained, and

* Waterland's Works, vol, vii. p. 341, &c., ed. Oxford, 1823.

† *E.g.* Taylor, Hooper, and Harley, who had been consecrated by Cranmer's ordinal, were deprived expressly *ob nullitatem consecrationis*—because their consecration was invalid (See *Cant. Reg.*).

‡ *The Month*, October, 1868, p. 425.

that these with the accompanying imposition of hands is all the form that is essential. This is not true. These words and the accompanying imposition of hands were introduced into the ritual only about the fourteenth century to make it more explicit. "None of the English Pontificals, except the Exeter, contain this form."* When Archbishop Chichele was consecrated by Pope Gregory XII. at Sienna, in 1408, its use was considered so unusual, that a record was made of the fact in the register of the event. So that it is impossible to hold the doctrine, that this part of the rite constitutes the essential matter and form of the sacrament, by which the grace of the high priesthood is conferred, for if so, Orders must have long since disappeared altogether throughout the Church, owing to the absence of the essential matter and form in handing them on. And if it were further insisted that the words, *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*, are a valid substitute for the *Propitiare, Domine*, and what follows, because the former words are certainly an invocation of the Holy Spirit, and some form of invocation seems all that is required—we reply that the words in question are not an invocation, and therefore not equivalent to the suppressed prayers. But even if they could be considered in any sense an invocation, it is quite certain that the studied suppression of prayers which so explicitly mention the priestly grace and the dignity of the high Priesthood, is an evidence of heretical intent. The form is left ambiguous; the change is made with intent to alter the Church's form; and it is, therefore, on principles already laid down, an invalid administration of the sacrament.

Again it is replied that, even if Barlow was not a bishop, the Lambeth Register says that Parker had four consecrators and not one. The entry is, however, such a palpable forgery on the face of it that it cannot seriously be appealed to. Its history is well known. When Bonner challenged the fact that his Anglican rival, Horne, was a bishop even such as the law required, because Cranmer's ordinal, which was used, was not legal, the bench held that the plea was good in law and

Monument. Rit. 2nd ed. v. ii. p 274, Maskell.

that Horne's right must be looked into. The Crown lawyers drew up a defence which was so weak that they dare not come into court with it. The document, however, still exists, and proves that the present official entry in the Lambeth Register has been amended in accordance with it.* The copy of the previous entry, amongst Foxe's MSS. in the British Museum, states explicitly that the ordinal of Cranmer, called Edward VI.'s, which prescribes that the consecrator *alone* should pronounce the words of consecration, was used, and that Barlow was the consecrator. That he was, is clear even from the Lambeth Register. Besides, the present entry in the Lambeth Register refutes itself. It says that Parker was consecrated according to the form of a book published by the authority of Parliament, and then goes on to state that Parker had four consecrators, and to describe an extraordinary and unprecedented ceremony not according to the form of any book ever published by the authority of Parliament. For the old English rituals as well as the ordinal of Edward VI., prescribe that the words of consecration be said by the consecrator *alone.* It matters little, however, whether Parker had four or four hundred consecrators, as Cranmer's ordinal, which was undoubtedly used, was absolutely invalid, as has been already pointed out.

J. D. Breen, O.S.B.

* The record of Parker's consecration amongst Foxe's MSS. contains an abstract of the Register of Bonner's consecration followed by an account of Parker's, evidently inserted as a *tu quoque* against Bonner's plea that Parker's consecration was illegal, on the ground that his own consecration was not legal, having been performed by three bishops instead of four, as required by Henry VIII.'s Act of 1534. Hence it would follow that the entry in its present form did not exist till after the Bonner-Horne incident, *i.e.* till after 1563. The entry in the *Lambeth Register*, in its present form, which embodies the official corrections found in the copy in the Record Office, is also evidently an after-thought, drawn up to meet the charge that Parker's consecration was invalid, because Barlow, his consecrator, was no bishop. Its statement that Parker had four consecrators, which is contradicted by the copy amongst Foxe's MSS., and which is at variance with the rubric of the ordinal of Edward VI., which was used on the occasion, was not made without a reason.

The Catholic Truth Society, 18 West Square, London, S.E.

"CATHOLIC—NOT ROMAN CATHOLIC."

MY dear Anglican friend, you have been taught to use these words; but you have not been taught what the words mean, nor what a self-contradiction it is to apply the word *Catholic* to a mere *national* Church, the Church of *one* country and *one* nation. Let us now see what the word "Catholic" means, and how it can be truly used of that great Church alone, which, spread throughout the world, is in communion with the Bishop of Rome—Roman Catholic; and how, therefore, when you call yourself "Catholic—not Roman Catholic," you really state that you are not a Catholic at all.

The word in itself means "universal" or "general:" as applied to the Church it has a technical meaning, so that "the Catholic Church" is that religious body which, while it is one and undivided, is yet the Church of, and for, all nations. "Everywhere one" (St. Pacian); one, "not by a confusion of bodies" (St. Hilary on Ps. cxxi.), but by a unity of faith and communion, with one organization and a united episcopacy. The idea of separate and independent national churches is entirely opposed to the true meaning of the term Catholic, as I hope to show.

The word does not occur in Holy Scripture, but that which the word means is there. The Founder of the Church ordered His Apostles to "go and make disciples of all the nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you" (St. Matt. xxviii. 20, revised version); "all the nations," then, were to receive the one set of truths delivered by Christ; they were not to pick and choose for themselves, but to be taught; and whoever rejected this teaching did so at his peril: "He that believeth not shall be condemned" (St. Mark xxi. 16). And though the Apostles were to spread that faith even to the uttermost parts of the earth, yet the Church was to be "a kingdom," "a city," "a flock," "one fold," all these figures implying unity. He that chose for himself in matters of faith (heresy), and he that separated himself

from the Church (schism), was self-condemned and excluded from the Kingdom of God (Gal. v. 20).

You have been taught, no doubt, to reverence the ancient Christian writers—"The Fathers," as we call them; let us hear what they say about the Catholic Church.

St. Cyprian, who lived about the year 250, wrote a book, "On the Unity of the Church," showing that the true Church of Christ, though spread throughout the world, is but *one;* and that to this one Church it is necessary to belong. And in a letter to Pupianus (Ep. 69), he says that "the Church *which is Catholic and One,* is not rent nor divided."

St. Cyril (A.D. 347), in his instruction on the article of the Creed, "In One Holy Catholic Church," says: "It is called Catholic because it is throughout the world from one end of the earth to the other, . . . and it is rightly named Church because it calls forth and assembles together all men.* . . . If ever thou art sojourning in any city, inquire not simply where the Lord's house is, . . . nor merely where *the Church* is, but where is the *Catholic Church.* For this is the peculiar name of this holy body, the mother of us all."

St. Pacian (A.D. 377)† I have already quoted. From St. Augustine (about A.D. 390) I will give one or two out of the many passages in which the same idea is expressed: Catholic, *i.e.*, everywhere and One. "Many things most justly keep me in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The agreement of *peoples and nations* keeps me. . . . The name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me—a name which, in the midst of so many heresies, this Church alone has, not without cause, so held possession of, that though all heretics would gladly call themselves Catholics, yet to the inquiry of any stranger, 'Where is the meeting of the Catholic Church held?' no heretic would dare to point out his own place of worship." ‡ "We are joined *to the Churches beyond the seas.*" §

* St. Cyril here alludes to the meaning of the Greek word for "Church," Ἐκκλησια.

† Ep. 1 ad Symp. ‡ Contra ep. Fund. § Ps. contra Donatist.

St. Irenæus (A.D. 178), though he does not use the word Catholic, has the same idea: "The whole Church has one and the same faith throughout *the whole world.*"*

Now try the "Anglo-Catholic" and the "Roman Catholic" Churches by these tests; which of them really deserves the name of "Catholic?" Does the Church of England "teach all nations?" Is it "joined to the churches beyond the seas?" Is it "throughout the world from one end of the earth to the other," "calling forth and assembling all men?" Has it "so held possession of the name 'Catholic,' that if we were to ask a stranger, 'Where is the Catholic Church?'" he would at once direct us to a place of worship of the Church of England? Is it acknowledged as Catholic, and called Catholic, by any save by some (not all) of its own members? Surely, to none of the questions can we answer, Yes. Lord Macaulay, speaking of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, said: "The Reformed Churches were merely national Churches. The Church of England existed for England alone."† This is true even now. The Church *of* England is the Church *for* England and the English people: a *merely national* Church. So to speak of it as *Anglo-Catholic* is a self-contradiction; it is the same as saying that it is at the same time for one country only, and for the whole world—which is absurd.

Nor is it any better to say that the Church of England is "a branch" of the Catholic Church. The Fathers do not admit of any separate and independent branches—nor do the Scriptures. The Church, though everywhere and for all nations, is *one*, "a flock," "a city," "a kingdom," "one fold," "not rent or divided." St. Cyprian says: "Break a branch from the tree, once broken it can bud no more;"‡ here is the separate branch system clearly condemned.

On the other hand, the "Roman Catholic" Church has retained, throughout all times and all peoples, the name of "Catholic," and is well known by that name.

* Adv. Heres. l. i. c. 2. † Essays, viii.
‡ De Unitate, n. 4.

Moreover, it is what that name signifies—*everywhere* and *one*. It teaches *all nations*, yet is itself *one kingdom* with one faith and a united episcopacy under one head. At the Vatican Council in 1870, there were assembled seven hundred Bishops, gathered out of every nation of the earth, speaking every known language and representing some two hundred millions of subjects calling themselves Catholics, professing the same Faith, partaking of the same Sacraments, obeying the same Spiritual Father—in fact, though out of every land under the sun, they were *one Church*. This is indeed being "Catholic."

But there is another test, given by the Fathers, of Catholicity. The true Catholic must be ROMAN Catholic. Cardinal Newman, writing of the fifth and sixth centuries, says,* "It is more than remarkable that the Catholics of this period were denoted by the additional title of 'Romans.' . . . Nor was this association of Catholicism with the See of Rome an introduction of that age." St. Cyprian, writing three hundred years before the period referred to by the Cardinal, speaks of the See of Rome, as "the root and womb of the Catholic Church." † And he told the Bishops of Africa "that they should firmly hold to him (the Pope) and to his communion, that is, to the unity and charity of the Catholic Church;" in other words, St. Cyprian told them that to be a true Catholic it was necessary to be in communion with the Pope, that is, to be a Roman Catholic. St. Irenæus, writing nearly a hundred years before St. Cyprian, says: "With this Church (of Rome), on account of her more powerful headship, it is necessary that every Church—that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed—should agree." ‡

An "Anglo-Catholic," then, is nothing; he is not recognized in the Church. If you would be a true Catholic, you must be a "Roman Catholic."

* Essay on Development, c. v. sec. 1. † Ep. 45 ad Cornel.
‡ Adv. Heres. liii. c. iii.

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KING HENRY VIII. AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.

HENRY VIII. ascended the throne on April 22, 1509, and married, a few months later, by dispensation granted by Pope Julius II., Catherine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Arthur, a lady of singular virtue. But some years after, the King, tired of his wife, who had given him no surviving male issue, and in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples about his marriage, and solicited the Pope for a divorce from Catherine, on the ground that the Papal dispensation through which they had married was invalid. The cause of the divorce was a failure, and Henry determined to take the law into his own hands. There is still in existence a letter of instruction, signed by the King, to Gardiner, the King's agent at Rome, in which it is said: "The King is loth to recur to any remedy except the authority of the See Apostolic [the Pope] if he can find there favour answering to his merits;"* but he had not found the "favour" he expected—in other words, licence for bigamy—so he had recourse to another remedy, his own authority.

Wolsey, to whom the King attributed the failure of his cause, was disgraced, and was charged with having violated the Statute of Præmunire by acting as Legate of the Pope. This statute was passed in 1373, during the reign of Richard II., and was intended to prevent benefices being granted by the Pope without the consent of the Crown. An arrangement was arrived at between the Papal Court and the Crown, and this statute practically passed into disuse. Each Archbishop of Canterbury was

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. n. 5270.

successively Legate of the Holy See, without a word of objection on the part of the Sovereign. But in Wolsey's case this indictment was singularly unjust; for Wolsey had been appointed Legate at the expressed desire of the King, and had acted throughout as the King's agent, and under the King's direction. He had committed no fault save that of failure. However, Wolsey knew, better than any man, the King's nature, and that his only chance of escape was to yield. Accordingly, he pleaded guilty, threw himself on the King's mercy, and resigned all his benefices and possessions into the King's hands. He died a few months after; but the consequences of the offence with which he had been charged, and which he had, for reasons of prudence, admitted, did not die with him. By the advice of Thomas Cromwell, it was argued that the clergy, by submitting to Wolsey's authority as Legate, had become partakers of his crime, and therefore subject to the same penalties, namely, imprisonment at the King's pleasure, and the forfeiture of the whole of their possessions to the Crown; the law officers were therefore directed to make out an indictment against the *whole body* of the clergy in the Court of King's Bench.

But Henry was not acting merely out of revenge, nor merely out of avarice; he was hatching a deep plot to get the whole ecclesiastical power into his own hands. Cromwell had persuaded him that the opinion of the learned on the question of the divorce was entirely in the King's favour; nothing was wanting but the approbation of the Pope: but if that approbation was not to be had, was the King therefore to forego his rights? At present, he said, England was a monster with two heads, but were the King to take the power now usurped by the Pope into his own hands, everything would be well, and the clergy, *finding that their lives and possessions were at the King's mercy*, would be ready enough to do his will.* Collier says: "There was more than money required of the clergy. The King, perceiving the process of the divorce move slowly at Rome, and the issue look un-

* Lingard, vol. vi. c. 3.

promising, projected a relief another way. To this purpose he seems to have formed a design of transferring some part of the Pope's pretensions upon the Crown, and setting up an ecclesiastical supremacy. And now, having gotten the clergy entangled in a *præmunire*, he resolved to seize the juncture and push the advantage."*

Accordingly when, on Feb. 7, 1531, the Convocation of Canterbury hastily assembled and offered the King a present of £100,000,† as purchase money for a free pardon the present was, to their surprise, refused, unless in the decree by which the sum was voted a clause was inserted acknowledging the King as *sole protector and supreme head of the Church and clergy of England.* Convocation, crushed as it was by the penalties hanging over it, resisted the insertion of this clause; and for three days, negotiations were carried on between the King and Cromwell, through Thomas Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, father of Anne Boleyn, on the one hand, and the bishops on the other. The King also sent for some of the bishops, and promised them, on the word of a king, that if Convocation would acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, he would never by virtue of that grant assume to himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them than other kings had done before him; nor would he take upon himself to make or promulgate any spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor yet by any kind of means intermeddle with them in altering, changing, or judging of any spiritual business. Soon after, Boleyn and the other lords who were acting for Henry came again to Convocation, and repeated what the King had told these bishops, adding that anyone who should now oppose the King on this point must needs show a great distrust in his majesty's words after he had made so solemn an oath. The clergy were now, for the most part, giving way, and disposed to grant the King's demand, but Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, utterly refused, and besought Convocation to consider what mischief might be

* Collier ii. 62. † Equal to quite £1,000,000 at the value of our day.

brought upon the whole Church of Christ by this unseemly and unreasonable grant made to a temporal prince, which had never yet been so much as demanded before, nor could be within the power of any temporal ruler. "And therefore," said he, "if ye grant the King's request in this matter, it seemeth to me to portend an imminent and present danger at hand: for what if he should shortly after change his mind, and exercise in deed the supremacy over the Church in this realm? Or what if he should die and his successor challenge continuance of the same? Or what if the crown of this realm should in time fall to an infant or a woman that shall still continue and take the same name upon them? What then shall we do? Whom shall we sue? or where shall we have remedy?" The King's Counsellors replied that the King demanded no more than might be allowed by the law of God, *quantum per legem Dei licet*, and they again reminded the clergy of the King's oath: then, as the holy bishop confuted their arguments, they left in great anger, saying, that whoever would not grant the King's request was not worthy to be accounted a true and loving subject.

Then the Bishops and other members of Convocation, fearing the King's anger, resolved to give way and to acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, trusting to his kingly word that he would make no wrong use of the title granted. The Bishop of Rochester, however, again stood to the front; and, seeing that they were fully resolved on compliance and that he was unable to change their minds, insisted that the words *quantum per legem Dei licet*, "as far as the law of God allows," should be inserted in the grant.* This was done, and the King seeing that he could not obtain the grant without this condition, had to be content with it, and pardoned the clergy their offence on their promise to pay him £100,000.†

* Dr. Lingard says (*Ibid.*): "It is plain that the introduction of the words *as far as the law of Christ will allow*, served to invalidate the whole recognition; since those who might reject the King's supremacy could maintain that it was not allowed by the law of Christ."

† Dr. Hall's MS. See *Blessed John Fisher*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

But it must not be thought that in allowing the King the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England that Convocation committed itself to an acknowledgment of the supremacy as it was understood later on, nor that they had revolted from their allegiance to the See of Rome. In the whole course of the discussion there is no mention of the See of Rome. The clergy objected to the title asked for, because it was vague and hitherto unheard of, and because they feared that Henry might use it to encroach upon the liberties and privileges of the English Church. Neither was there any formal decree by which this headship was acknowledged. It was merely by a clause inserted in the address to the King. In this address they ask pardon for any penalties incurred and offer their gift as an act of gratitude to the King for writing against Luther and for other acts in favour of the Church. After the words "English Church and clergy" comes the following clause: "Of which we recognize his majesty as the singular protector, the only and supreme lord, and, as far as the law of Christ allows, even the supreme head."

When this form was proposed in Convocation, the Archbishop, Warham, begged of the prelates assembled to allow it to pass, adding that no one was obliged to speak his mind, and that silence would be taken for consent; on this, some one present exclaimed: "Then we are all silent." No one spoke further, and it was recorded in the minutes of the Convocation that the decree granting the present of £100,000 to the King (in which decree appeared this clause on the supremacy) had passed unanimously.*

Thus the Royal Supremacy, in a vague and undefined sense, was acknowledged by the Southern Convocation. At York the Northern Convocation met under the presidency of Archbishop Warham, for the see of York was vacant through the death of Cardinal Wolsey, and a decree voting a present of £18,000 to the King, in which decree was the same clause admitting the Royal Supremacy, was proposed. Tunstall,

* Wilkins, iii. 725.

Bishop of Durham, alone had the courage to speak out. He not only voted against the recognition, but made a spirited and plain-spoken protest which, at his desire, was recorded in the acts. He protested against the title, not because it was a violation of the rights of the Pope, but because it was too vague, and, though capable of a true and right meaning, yet might also bear a false meaning which evil-minded persons would take advantage of. But notwithstanding his protest, the decree was passed.

The clergy soon regretted the step they had taken. Mr. Gairdner says:* "It was repented of almost as soon as made, for however theoretically defensible might be the title to which they had agreed, and whatever pains they might have made to guard against misconstruction, the clergy could not but feel the moral disadvantage at which they now stood in having yielded at all. Yet they were altogether helpless. Under the existing law of *præmunire* they were at the King's mercy. . . . . The clergy, ground down to the last extremity, were anxious that the bishops should retract in Parliament the acknowledgment of the supremacy made in Convocation, and threatened that unless this was done they would not pay a single penny." Chapuys, the ambassador of Charles V. in London, wrote to the Emperor:† "The clergy are more conscious every day of the great error they committed in acknowledging the King as sovereign of the Church, and they are urgent in Parliament to retract it, otherwise they say they will not pay a penny of the 400,000 crowns. What will be the issue, no one knows."‡ A protest against any encroachments on the liberties of the Church or on the authority of the Holy See, signed by a great number of the clergy of both pro-

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. v. Preface, p. xvi. Of Mr. Gairdner's research and his strict impartiality in this important work one cannot speak too highly.

† March 22, 1531, ap. Gairdner.

‡ The Bishops had, indeed, great difficulty in collecting the money, and on one occasion Stokesley, Bishop of London, was nearly killed.

vinces, was presented to the King; and a few months after, "Archbishop Warham, to atone for what he had done in Convocation, drew up a solemn protest against all enactments made in that Parliament in derogation of the Pope's authority, and of the independence of the clergy."*

In January of the year 1534, Parliament, which was now completely under the management of the King and his minister, Cromwell, enacted that no canons or decrees should be made by Convocation without the King's consent; that appeals might be made from the bishops to the Court of Chancery, but not to the Pope; that bishops should be made and consecrated without the leave of the Pope; that dispensations usually obtained from Rome should be obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that all payments hitherto made to Rome, as first-fruits of benefices, should cease.

After this the King required all the clergy, both secular and regular, to take the oath of succession, at the same time making a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop, and that the King was supreme head of the Church of England—the saving clause "as far as is allowed by the law of Christ" being omitted. To refuse to take this oath was misprision of treason and punishable by perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all property. This oath was subscribed to by the greater part of the clergy, and a formal declaration against the authority of the Pope was obtained from both Convocations and from the universities. Further, in the autumn of the same year, 1534, Parliament enacted that the King and his heirs should be taken and reputed the only supreme heads on earth of the Church of England (again the saving clause was omitted), and to wish or will maliciously by word or work to deprive the King of this title was made high treason. Then followed "a series of appalling executions" (we are quoting from Mr. Gairdner†), "which completely subdued in England all spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the mind alike

* Gairdner, *Ibid.* ; Wilkins, iii. 746.
† *Letters and Papers*, &c, vol. viii. preface.

of Romanists and of Protestants with horror and indignation. That the nation disliked the change [of religion] as it disliked the cause of the change [the divorce], there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings." Mr. Green,* speaking of this period, says: "A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet."

We may sum up briefly what has been said on the subject of the Royal Supremacy as follows: (1) It was the King, not the clergy, who was the first and chief mover; (2) the motive was, not the desire of religious reformation, but the desire of a divorce from his lawful wife; (3) nothing against the Pope's authority was desired or even contemplated by Convocation; the renunciation of the Pope's authority was not insisted upon by the King until three years after; (4) the consent of the clergy was extorted by fear of the severest penalties, it was given in silence, unwillingly, and against their convictions, and repented of as soon as given; (5) obedience was enforced by the most cruel laws, notwithstanding which many of the noblest in the country refused to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, even though they knew that they would have to pay for it with their lives. Surely Lord Macaulay was right when he spoke of the so-called "Reformation" in England as "a mere political job."†

* *Short History of the English People*, c. vi. See also *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her Ancient Faith*, Catholic Truth Society.

† Essay on Hallam.

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VEN. OLIVER PLUNKET[1]

ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND

1629–1681

The last blood shed on English soil for our fathers' faith and worship was that of an heroic Irishman. A saintly successor of St. Patrick in the Primatial See of All Ireland nobly closed, in the reign of King Charles the Second, that long and glorious roll of white-robed martyrs which had been opened a century and a half before by the English Carthusian Fathers under the Eighth Henry. Thus in God's Providence were the children of Erin and of Britain linked together by the sacred bonds of a like suffering, endured for a cause which both prized far beyond life itself. May the blood of these holy martyrs cause the land, on which it fell so generously, to bring forth at length the bounteous harvest for which they longed and prayed in dying!

The Venerable Oliver Plunket was born at Loughcrew, in the County of Meath, in the year 1629. He came of a noble and most Catholic house, being nearly related to the Earls of Fingall and Roscommon, as well as to Lord Dunsany, Lord Louth, and many other gentlemen who had been reduced well-nigh to beggary in consequence of their devotion to the ancient religion and the Royal House of Stuart. The

[1] The compiler of this little sketch begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to the learned and exhaustive life of Dr. Plunket by his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney.

future Martyr's early education was entrusted to his relative, Dr. Patrick Plunket, successively Bishop of Ardagh and Meath, himself an undaunted confessor for the Faith. This worthy prelate, in the course of a long letter written to Rome in the year 1669, takes credit to himself for having "educated Dr. Oliver from his infancy till his sixteenth year," when he "was sent to Rome to pursue his studies at the fountain-head of truth."

From the days of St. Paul it has always been a Christian instinct "to visit Peter." However, it was not merely the desire to pray at the Tombs of the Apostles and to drink in the spirit of Catholicism at its centre that led young Oliver Plunket to the feet of the Vicar of Christ. They were evil days indeed in which his lot was cast. As in England, so in Ireland, the public practice of the Catholic religion was rendered well-nigh impossible by cruel laws, which prohibited, under the most terrible penalties, the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, the administration of the Sacraments, and the preaching of the Word of God. Under these circumstances, it was obviously impossible to receive any suitable training for the Sacred Ministry in a country where education of any kind, save in Protestant schools, was punished with barbarous ferocity. Dr. Plunket was twenty-eight years of age when it was decreed by the authority of Parliament that "all Catholic children attaining the age of twelve years were *to be taken from their parents* and educated in England in the principles of the Protestant religion." But long before this fiendish enactment—as early indeed as the reign of Elizabeth—a law had been passed by which it was provided that—

"Any person keeping a schoolmaster who shall not repair to the Established Church shall forfeit £10 per month."

This was the treatment received by a Catholic parent who wished his children to be brought up in his own religion. We will now see how it fared with the teachers themselves and with those whom they taught. It was enacted as follows,—and it must always be borne in mind that these statutes were by no means permitted to remain a dead letter—

"If a Catholic shall keep a school or teach any person — Protestant or Catholic — any species of literature or science, such teacher shall be for the crime of teaching, punishable by law with banishment, and if he return from banishment, he shall be subject to be hanged as a felon."

"If a Catholic, whether a child or adult, shall attend in Ireland a school kept by a Catholic, or shall be privately instructed by a Catholic, such Catholic, although a child in its early infancy, shall incur a forfeiture of all his property, present or future."

"If a Catholic child, however young, shall be sent to any foreign country for education, such infant child shall incur a similar penalty — that is, a forfeiture of all right to property, present or prospective."

"If any person in Ireland shall make any remittance in money or goods for the maintenance of any Irish child educated in a foreign country, such person shall incur a similar forfeiture."

Such being the law of the land, it will not altogether surprise us to find that when Oliver Plunket, at the age of sixteen, felt a thirst for knowledge arise within his soul together with the desire to consecrate himself to God in the ecclesiastical state, he realized that, if he would accomplish his design in safety, he must say farewell to the shores of Ireland. As regards the forfeiture of all property which he would thereby incur, that concerned him little, since he knew that by receiving Holy Orders he would forfeit not only his goods, but even his life, should he fall into the hands of the enemies of his faith and country. It was a capital offence even for a layman to receive a priest into his private house.

When then an opportunity was offered some Irish youths to return to Rome, in the year 1645, with Father Scarampo, a holy Oratorian, who had been sent to Ireland some two years previously on a special mission by Pope Innocent X., our future Martyr gladly associated himself with this little band. After many thrilling adventures he at length reached the Holy City in safety, with his companions. Here they received the cordial welcome to which they

were entitled as exiles from home and friends by reason of their unfaltering devotion to the Holy See.

For some time after his arrival in Rome, Don Oliverio, as he was now called, applied himself privately to the study of "rhetoric," in preparation for his admission within the walls of the Irish College, that nursery of confessors and martyrs for the faith. After eight years' application to sacred studies he was ordained priest. As it was impossible to return to Ireland in 1654, the date of his ordination, in consequence of the violent persecution which was still raging, he lived for three years with the Fathers of the Oratory at S. Girolamo della Carità. He was then appointed Professor of Theology in the College of Propaganda, where he lectured with much success for twelve years. Thus for a quarter of a century did Dr. Plunket live a happy, peaceful life in the Eternal City. From the first days of his priesthood his time had been divided between devout exercises of piety at the shrines of the saints, the study or explanation of the truths of our holy religion, and the personal service of the sick in the public hospitals. But we are told in his life by the Oratorian, Fr. Marangoni, that even when living at S. Girolamo "he ardently sighed for the opportunity of sacrificing himself for the salvation of his countrymen." That opportunity was at length to be afforded him.

At the close of the year 1668 the venerable Irish hierarchy was almost extinct. There were then only two Bishops in all Ireland, the aged Dr. Patrick Plunket, and Dr. Owen McSweeney of Kilmore, a prelate living in practical retirement, and subject to continual infirmities of both body and mind. To provide for the pressing necessities of the Irish Church, bishops were appointed on the Feast of St. Agnes, in the year 1669, to the Archiepiscopal Sees of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, as well as to the See of Ossory. No sooner were these new prelates nominated than they selected Dr. Oliver Plunket as their common representative at the Roman Court. The new Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Peter Talbot, was his relation, and immediately after his con-

secration he wrote both to his "dearest cousin" in Rome, and to Propaganda, explaining the absolute necessity of immediately appointing a successor to Dr. O'Reilly, the late Archbishop of Armagh, who had just died in exile.

Dr. Talbot laid three names before the Holy See. Some difficulty was, however, met with in regard to each of them, until at length the Sovereign Pontiff interposed. "Why delay," said the Pope, "in discussing the merits of others, whilst we have here in Rome, a native of that island, whose merits are known to us all, and whose labours in this city have already added so many wreaths to the peerless glory of the Isle of Saints. Let Dr. Oliver Plunket be Archbishop of Armagh."

The decision of the Holy Father was at once made known to Dr. Plunket, together with an instruction that it would be more prudent, in order not needlessly to attract the attention of the Government, that he should be consecrated, not in Rome, but in Belgium. The new successor of St. Patrick, full of St. Patrick's devotion to the Vicar of Christ, earnestly besought as "a crowning favour" that he might go forth to his combat like so many other apostles and martyrs, after having received the sacred character of the episcopate within the walls of the Holy City. But he besought in vain. Prudence could not be sacrificed even to piety, so he was ordered to carry out the original arrangement. Before leaving Rome, he paid a farewell visit to the Hospital of Santo Spirito. There it was that, as we know from contemporary testimony, "when he was standing at the door which looks towards the castle of St. Angelo, and bidding farewell to the Prior, D. Jerome Mieskow, a Polish priest of extraordinary sanctity of life, the latter embraced him, and, as if prophesying, said: 'My Lord, you are now going to shed your blood for the Catholic faith.' And he, being wholly influenced with the desire of thus shedding his blood for Christ, replied with humility: 'I am unworthy of such a favour; nevertheless, aid me with your prayers that this my desire may be fulfilled.'"[1]

[1] See life by Fr. Marangoni.

Dr. Plunket was consecrated Archbishop of Armagh by the Bishop of Ghent in his private chapel on the feast of St. Andrew, 1669. Thus the path to martyrdom was at length opened before him. It is not, however, in accordance with humility, or with the example of the saints, to *court* a cruel death, however joyfully it may be welcomed when it comes uncourted. Therefore, we are told that "the ceremony of consecration was devoutly and happily performed, without noise and with closed doors." After a week's delay in Belgium, the new Primate of All Ireland hastened to London, where, as he had many friends and relations amongst the English aristocracy, he intended to make a short stay in the hope of securing some mitigation of the sufferings of his persecuted flock. At this time the Queen of England, Catherine of Braganza, was openly a Catholic; and subsequent events make it far from improbable that King Charles II. was already such at heart. Thus there was for the moment a lull in the persecution of Catholics in England, since the infamies of Titus Oates had not as yet lashed Protestant bigotry into a new state of frenzy, and the cowardly King had not as yet been coerced into sanctioning savage cruelties which he in his heart detested. Accordingly, the Archbishop had for the moment nothing to fear in the place of his future martyrdom. Indeed, he tells us in a letter to Cardinal Barberini that Father Howard, afterwards known as the Cardinal Norfolk, whom he describes as "a truly worthy man, hospitable and magnificent, the refuge of all foreign Catholics, and loved by all for his great gentleness and courtesy," actually lodged him "secretly for ten days in his own apartments in the royal palace."

However, the heart of the good shepherd was yearning for his desolate flock. He determined not to spend another Lent out of Ireland, and about the middle of March was welcomed by many friends who were anxiously awaiting his arrival in the Irish capital. From Dublin he proceeded as soon as possible to his diocese, and for more than nine years, until the day of his arrest on the feast of St. Nicholas, 1679, we find him discharging all the duties of his holy office

with the zeal of a true apostle and father of his people.

Three months after the arrival of the Archbishop, a short period of rest was given to the persecuted Irish Church by the appointment as Viceroy of Lord Berkeley, a humane and wise man, who allowed the penal laws to remain during his time of office a dead letter. Until Lord Berkeley's access to power in June, 1670, Dr. Plunket was forced to remain in concealment. Yet in a month and a half he contrived, as he himself informed the Holy See, to emerge sufficiently often to confirm *ten thousand* persons. Before four years had elapsed he was able to inform the Secretary of Propaganda that he had actually confirmed *forty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty-five.* "What renders this more surprising," remarks Cardinal Moran, "is the consideration of the many toils he had thus to undergo, for often he had to seek out their abodes in the mountains and in the woods, and often too were the Sacraments administered under the broad canopy of heaven, both flock and pastor being alike exposed to the winds and rain."

This great prelate was no less indefatigable in instructing his people in the truths of our holy religion, and in preaching to them the Word of Life. No considerations of personal risk or discomfort prevented him from penetrating to every corner of his diocese, that he might administer the Holy Sacraments and preach, in both English and Irish, in districts which, in consequence of the stress of persecution, had been too long deprived of the presence of a successor of the Apostles.

But it would seem from Dr. Plunket's correspondence that the anxiety which before all others absorbed his mind was the need of providing for the better training of the clergy, and for the education of the young in the Catholic faith. To attain these ends he succeeded for a short time, during the mild administration of Lord Berkeley, in establishing a Jesuit College in Dundalk. Here the instruction was given to young priests in Moral Theology which cruel circumstances had rendered it impossible for them to obtain before ordination, while a flourishing school

was opened by the good Fathers which not only saved many Catholics from perversion, but was even attended by many of the sons of the neighbouring Protestant gentry. Again and again did the Archbishop, when writing to Rome, express his thankfulness for the establishment of this College of the Society in his diocese. He even went to live with the Fathers, until the renewal of the persecution destroyed everything. He also frequently expressed great anxiety that the number of Irish students in Rome should be increased, in order that sound ecclesiastical traditions and sacred learning might be received by as many of St. Patrick's sons as possible in the very city of the Vicar of Christ.

Wonderfully loyal was Dr. Plunket throughout life to the Apostolic See. Thus at one time, when there seemed a danger lest the heresies of Jansenism, which were then rife, might be propagated in Ireland, the Primate, in the midst of his other anxieties, found time to write as follows to Cardinal Altieri :—

"Though the Parliament held in London fills us with alarm by its edicts, threatening to despoil the Catholics of their lands and possessions, yet the Catholics of these kingdoms are far more terrified at the spiritual calamities which seem impending, from the remains of Jansenism, and the novelties which continue yet to spread in France and Belgium, for it is from various parts of these countries that spiritual labourers come to cultivate this vineyard. You are already aware how dangerous the doctrines are which in their printed tracts are circulated everywhere, concerning the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff ; the authority of St. Augustine, as if it were superior to the definitions of Rome ; the invalidity of absolution without the perfect love of God ; the necessity of reforming in many things the worship of God, of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints ; reproving frequent recourse to the Sacrament of Penance ; deferring absolution solely on account of relapse or any grievous sin (which gradually deters the faithful from approaching this Sacrament). . . . Hence, in order that the purity of faith may be preserved intact and inviolate in this kingdom, I pray and beseech you, with all

reverence and submission, to lay the aforesaid things before his Holiness and the Sacred Congregation, that some sure remedy, embracing all, may be devised, lest this kingdom should become infected with the delirium of the Jansenists. In the meantime both I and the clergy entrusted to me will not cease on our part to maintain the true purity of doctrine, and to impugn all perverse teaching. I know that this will be in accordance with the desires of his Holiness and of your Eminence, for whose welfare I shall ever pray, etc.

"Oliver of Armagh,
"Primate of All Ireland."

In consequence of this letter, and of one couched in almost identical terms from Dr. Plunket's great friend, Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford, steps were at once taken by the Holy See, which effectually preserved the purity of the Irish Church from the infection of this deadly heresy.

During the years of his episcopate, Dr. Plunket succeeded in summoning, besides several diocesan synods, one National Synod, which met in Dublin in 1670, and two Synods of the Province of Armagh, in which many wise decrees were passed for the regulation of discipline and the good of religion. The Archbishop's labours were in no way confined to his own immediate diocese. More than once, acting on instructions from Rome, or at the request of the local authorities, he undertook a laborious visitation of the whole Province of Ulster. His wise counsels often availed much for the extirpation of such abuses as are inevitably found wherever ecclesiastical discipline has been relaxed through the violence of persecution. Moreover, by means of invaluable letters, which in the teeth of all obstacles, he succeeded in periodically transmitting to the Holy See, such abundant information was accumulated concerning the needs of the Province of Armagh, that (as he himself wrote to Propaganda), "their Eminences may almost touch with their hands, and see with their eyes the condition in which it is, and the state of matters." Indeed, many of his letters

speak of the spiritual needs not only of his own Province, but of the whole Irish Church. Nor was the zeal and energy of the indefatigable Archbishop bounded even by the seas which gird the shores of Ireland. On his way to secure episcopal consecration in Belgium, he had been appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff the superior of the missions in the Hebrides and Highlands of Scotland, and received directions to send as soon as possible evangelical labourers to cultivate that desolate portion of Our Lord's vineyard. All priests had been long since driven out of the Hebrides; but in many of the islands the people still clung with heroic tenacity to their fathers' faith, which indeed they still retain inviolate even to the present time.[1] Dr. Plunket was most zealous with reference to this portion of his flock, which Cardinal Moran says "seems to have been most dear to him." It is somewhat amusing to find this great Roman ecclesiastic writing as follows to the Sacred Congregation before his first visit to "the Scottish islands:"—"It will be necessary for me to bring a priest and a servant with me, and to dress after the manner of these people, which is very different from that of every other part of the globe."

In considering all these multifarious labours, it is hard to realise that during a great part of his episcopacy Dr. Plunket was actually in hiding and in imminent danger of apprehension. Yet such was actually the case. He informed the Sacred Congregation that during the administration of Lord Roberts, who preceded Lord Berkeley as Viceroy, he was obliged, in order to conceal himself, "to go under the name of Captain Bruno (Brown) with a sword, wig, and pistols!"

In the year 1672 Lord Berkeley was removed from the Viceregal Lodge in consequence of his clemency towards the unfortunate Catholics. The year after

[1] It may not be generally known that an overwhelming proportion of the inhabitants of Barra, Eriskay, South Uist, Benbecula, Eigg, Canna and other smaller islands are most devoted Catholics. In the Isle of Eriskay there is only one non-Catholic.

his departure persecution broke out anew, and in the month of December we find the Archbishop writing as follows to the Holy See :—"The hut in which Dr. Brennan" (the Bishop of Waterford, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Plunket's old College friend, to whom he was always most sincerely attached) "and myself have taken refuge is made of straw ; when we lie down to rest, through the openings of the roof we can see the stars ; and when it rains we are refreshed, even at the head of the bed, by each successive shower." At this period a little oaten bread was their only support, but the great prelate, nothing daunted, adds these most characteristic words : "We choose rather to die of hunger and cold than to abandon our flocks, since it would be shameful for those spiritual soldiers who were trained in Rome to become mercenaries."

However, they were not long left in peace even in this little hut. On 27th of January, 1670, Dr. Plunket sent to the Internuncio at Brussels an account of his forced change of "residence." "The Viceroy," he wrote, "on the tenth or thereabouts of this month published a further proclamation that the registered clergy should be treated with the greatest rigour. Another, but secret, order was also given to all the magistrates and sheriffs that the detectives should seek out, both in the cities and throughout the country, the other Bishops and regulars. So my companion no sooner received intelligence of this than on the 16th of this month, which was Sunday, after vespers, being the festival of the Chair of St. Peter, we deemed it necessary to take to our heels. The snow fell heavily, mixed with hailstones which were very hard and large ; a cutting north wind blew in our faces, and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully in our eyes, that to the present we have scarcely been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow ; still at length we arrived at the house of a reduced gentleman who had nothing to lose ; but, for our misfortune, he had a stranger in his house, by whom we did not wish to be recognized : hence we were placed in a large garret, without chimney

and without fire, where we have been during the past eight days : may it redound to the glory of God, the salvation of our souls, and of the flocks entrusted to our charge ! So dreadful was the hail and cold, that the running of the eyes both of my companion and myself has not ceased as yet, and I feel that I shall lose more than one tooth, so frightful is the pain they give me ; my companion, moreover, was attacked with rheumatism in one arm, so that he can scarcely move it. In a word, we may say with truth that 'our flight was in the winter and on the sabbath,' that is, on Sunday, and the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter. Blessed be God who granted us the favour of suffering not only for the Chair of St. Peter, but on the very day dedicated to the Feast of that Chair, which, resting on a Rock, will, as I hope, in the end, break the violence of these tempestuous waves."

This persecution lasted during the whole of 1674, and on the 5th of March, in the succeeding year, we find the Archbishop writing to the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation :—"You will already have heard how a few days ago new rigorous edicts were published in England against the Catholics, so that we are now in fear and trembling. Should they affect us here, we must fly once more to the woods, mountains and caverns, in which we have now for fifteen months passed a severe novitiate."

However, this storm passed over without doing much further damage in Ireland, and the good Primate was left in comparative peace until the Popish Plot, fabricated by Titus Oates and his infamous accomplices, threw the Protestant mind into a state bordering on delirium. Whilst the scaffolds in England were being saturated, out of blind hatred of the Catholic Faith, with the blood of the best and noblest of the land, it was not likely that the Catholics of Ireland would long remain unmolested. Accordingly, in the year 1678, proclamation after proclamation was issued by Lord Drummond, who was then Viceroy, by which it was hoped at length to extirpate the last vestige of the ancient religion from the land of St. Patrick. The persecutors as usual reckoned without their host. They

seemed unable to learn the capacity of self-sacrifice that, through the grace of God, is in times of trial to be found in the Catholic people. The first brunt of the outlook was borne by the shepherds of the flock. The venerable Archbishop of Dublin, a Talbot of Malahide, although he was suffering from a malignant disease, was at once seized and imprisoned in Dublin Castle, where he died through want of air and exercise. The other Bishops were forced to fly again to their hiding-places in woods and morasses, whilst the faithful were exposed continually to domiciliary visits from spies and informers. Dr. Plunket wrote in 1679 to the Internuncio that whoever imprisoned a prelate would receive forty crowns, and that for the capture of a Regular twenty would be paid. He added these striking words : "I am morally certain that I shall be taken, so many are in search of me ; yet in spite of danger I will remain with my flock, nor will I abandon them till I am dragged to the ship." Too soon was this forecast to be fulfilled. Towards the end of November the Archbishop heard that his aged relative, Dr. Patrick Plunket, the good Bishop of Meath, who had cared for him in boyhood, and sent him to Rome, lay on his death-bed. The future Martyr determined to brave every danger, in order to perform an act prompted alike by gratitude, piety and charity. He left his seclusion and hastened to Dublin in order to give the last consolations of religion to the dying man to whom he was bound by so many ties. By thus acting, the Primate cast himself into the lion's jaws. He was apprehended by a body of militia on the 6th of December, on the charge of illegally remaining in the kingdom, and of exercising the functions of his sacred ministry.

This was the only accusation with which he was made acquainted for the first six months of his imprisonment. Yet from the first it had been determined, if possible, to bring him within range of the famous Popish Plot. "The victims of that plot," writes a distinguished author,[1] "were English Catho-

[1] See Sir C. Duffy's *Bird's-eye View of Irish History*, pp. 126, 127.

lics, because its inventors knew nothing personally of the Irish, but that Ireland had no share in a conspiracy to restore Popery was so improbable that the patrons of the plot in London insisted on Irish victims. Oates and his comrades might make inconvenient blunders, but the Privy Council ordered the Lord Lieutenant to make proclamations for persons fit for the work. All who could make discoveries relating to Ireland were invited to come in without delay, and threatened with penalties if they were dilatory. There were at that time living in the country three men whom crime and want had made fit competitors with Dangerfield and Bedloe. They were living as cattle stealers and robbers, some of them liable to capital charges, but the character of witness of the plot was equal to a protection under the Privy Seal." The chief of these men was an apostate friar named John MacMoyer, whom the Archbishop had suspended for various crimes, and who was notorious for his violence, drunkenness, and immoralities. Of his companions, all that need be said is that they were like unto himself. The first step taken by these scoundrels was to have an order transmitted to Ireland that there should be no Catholic on the jury. Yet, when the trial was fixed at Dundalk, so infamous was the reputation of MacMoyer and his associates in the neighbourhood, that they did not dare to appear against the Primate. Therefore the trial was adjourned, and Dr. Plunket conducted back to Dublin Castle.

Thence he found the means of writing a long letter to the Internuncio, in which he gave a full account of all that had taken place. He states in this letter that MacMoyer was afraid to appear because "his dissolute life was notorious, and he was always half-drunk when he appeared before the tribunals;" whereas Murphy, another of the three accusers, fled because "he well knew that the jury of Dundalk would have hanged him!" "It is said," proceeds the holy Archbishop, "that he has gone to England, to obtain pardon from the King, that he may afterwards appear against me, not to accuse me of treason, but of exercising papal jurisdiction in this

kingdom. Another witness, Callaghan, accuses me in like manner, and it is an accusation which I deem most glorious."

The informers had indeed gone to England. Despairing of obtaining a conviction, even at the hands of a packed Protestant jury, in Ireland, they determined to transfer the scene of their operations to the banks of the Thames. This proposal was opposed to the standing laws of the realm, and without a parallel in the whole course of our history. It however suited the purposes of the arbitrary government which was then in power; and in the month of October, 1680, Dr. Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, was cited to appear before the King and parliament in London. On the 8th of June in the succeeding year he was formally placed upon his trial before an English jury in Westminster, charged with overt acts of treason committed in Ireland.

It is difficult for us who live in the reign of Queen Victoria to realize the position of a Catholic ecclesiastic, far from friends and country, accused of complicity in the dreaded "Popish Plot." We are so accustomed to consider the courts of justice as the palladium of our liberties, and the natural refuge of the weak and calumniated, that it is hard for us to picture, even in imagination, a state of things, when —to quote the words of Lord Macaulay—"The chief judges of the kingdom were corrupt, cruel and timid, when the juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge these feelings without restraint."

However, let us see how it fared with the Venerable Oliver Plunket on his trial at Westminster, and we shall be forced to acknowledge that this description certainly does not err on the side of exaggeration.

The judges who presided over this travesty of justice were the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Francis Pemberton, and Judges Dolbein and Jones. The prosecution was in the hands of the Attorney General and Sergeant Maynard. According to the barbarous custom of the times, the prisoner was not allowed the benefit of counsel. Dr. Plunket at first pleaded

for a short delay, on the ground that his witnesses had not had time to come over from Ireland: moreover he represented that, as they were Catholics, they were afraid to come without a safe conduct. This plea was immediately overruled by the Chief Justice, who remarked that if Dr. Plunket's witnesses were such persons that they "would not come to England without such and such cautions the Court could not tell how to help it." The mock trial began forthwith. Its keynote was struck by the Attorney General in his opening words:—

"May it please your Lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, the character this gentleman bears as Primate under a foreign and usurped jurisdiction, will be a great inducement to you to give credit to that evidence we shall produce before you. . . ."

It may safely be said that it was the only possible inducement. The "evidence" tendered by MacMoyer and his wretched allies was of the most ridiculous character. According to these men, the Archbishop raised annually large sums for the support of a French army, was himself to raise 70,000 men, spent his time surveying the forts of Ireland for the purpose of facilitating a military landing, and kept 100 priests in his own house, although it was notorious that that "house" was only a thatched cabin of two rooms. There was not a fragment of documentary or corroborative evidence produced in support of the statements of the "witnesses." When the Archbishop endeavoured to show how unworthy they were of credence, he was at once rudely interrupted by the Court. For example, when at the close of MacMoyer's "evidence" Dr. Plunket asked why, if all the witness had said were true, he had never during the past seven years given any notice to the Government of the plot, the Chief Justice, seeing MacMoyer in a difficulty, considerately suggested the way out, by asking "Of what religion were you then?" On MacMoyer replying "A Roman Catholic," Justice Dolbein triumphantly remarked, "Therefore it will be no wonder that you did not discover the plot."

Again, when the Archbishop wished to prove that one of his accusers was himself a convicted criminal,

the Lord Chief Justice thus interrupted him : "Look you, Mr. Plunket, don't mis-spend your own time ; for the more you trifle in these things, the less time you will have for your defence. I desire you now to consider and well husband your time for your defence. What have you to say for yourself ?"

Then the holy Archbishop replied with great dignity : "My Lord, I tell you that I have no way to defend myself, in that I was denied time to bring over my records and my witnesses which were ten or twelve. . . . As to the first point, I answer that I never received a farthing of money out of my own district, and that for my own livelihood I never received over three score pounds a year in my life, unless some gentleman would now and then give me ten shillings for my relief. . . . Your Lordship sees how I am dealt with : first and foremost, I have not time to bring my witnesses or my records which if I had I would not weigh one farthing to leave my cause with any jury in the world. Besides all this I am brought out of my own native country, where these men lived and I lived, and where my witnesses and records are, which would show what these people are. I sent by the post and did all that I could, and what can I say when I have not my witnesses against these people ? They may swear anything in the world ; you cannot but observe the improbability of the thing in itself, and to what a condition I am brought. My Lord, my life is in imminent danger, because I am brought out of my own country, where these people would not be believed against me."

The Counsel for the Crown then followed with fierce diatribes against the Archbishop and the Catholic religion. Finally, the Chief Justice charged the jury bitterly against the prisoner, saying :—

"These things do seem to be very plain by the witnesses, that he himself hath taken a commission or a grant, or what you will please to call it, from the Pope to be Primate of Ireland, that he hath endeavoured to settle the Popish religion in that Kingdom, and in order to that he hath invited the aid of the French army."

After a quarter of an hour's absence the jury gave a verdict of *Guilty*.

Directly the Archbishop heard the word *guilty*, he said aloud, "Deo Gratias"—God be thanked.

He was then led back to prison, and on the 15th of June, brought to the bar to receive judgment. On being asked if he had anything to say why judgment of death should not be passed upon him and "execution thereof awarded according to the law," he made a most moving and beautiful speech. Once again he showed the absolute impossibility of the charges brought against him being true, and complained once more of the hardship of being tried far from all who knew either him or his accusers, and without having the opportunity of producing any witnesses in his favour. He admitted that he had exercised episcopal functions in Ireland, but called God to witness, that as he was a dying man he was no more guilty of any point of treason that had been sworn against him, than the child that was born but yesterday. He then appealed to the attestation as to his loyalty in Ireland which had been volunteered by two Viceroys, Lord Essex and Lord Berkeley. Finally he concluded with these touching words: "My Lord, if there be anything in the world that deserves pity, this does; for I can say, as I hope for mercy, I was never guilty of any one point that they swore against me. And if my petition for time had been granted, I could have shown how all was prepared malice against me, and have produced all circumstances that could make out the innocence of a person. But not having had time, and being tried, I am at your mercy."

The Lord Chief Justice replied to this appeal by railing blasphemously against our holy religion. Turning to the Primate, he said to him:—"You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in this world, a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions, the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and His glory, of

all religions or pretended religions whatsoever. . . . So that certainly a greater crime there cannot be committed against God than for a man to endeavour the propagation of that religion."

The Archbishop then said calmly : "May it please your Lordship to give me leave to speak one word. If I were a man that had no care of my conscience in this matter, and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven and hell, I might have saved my life, for I was offered it by divers people here, so I would but confess my own guilt and accuse others . . . but I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life."

"I am sorry," said the Chief Justice, "to see you persist in the principles of that religion. Well, however, the judgement we give you is that which the law says and speaks. And therefore you must go from hence to the place from whence you came—that is, to Newgate ; and from thence you shall be drawn through the City of London to Tyburn ; there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead, your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face, your head shall be cut off, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his Majesty pleases."

"God Almighty bless your Lordship," replied the intrepid Primate, on hearing the terrible sentence—a sentence legally reserved for the crime of high treason, but in this, as in so many other cases, really inflicted for unswerving loyalty to the Faith that was of old delivered to the Saints.

Before he left the court, Dr. Plunket asked as a favour from the judge to be allowed to treat of spiritual matters with a Catholic priest. "You will have," was the reply, "the services of a minister of the Church of England." "I am obliged to your Lordship for your good intentions," said the Archbishop, with a courtesy that nothing could disturb, "but such a favour would be wholly useless to me."

A blessing which was refused him by his murderers was secured for the holy Martyr through the Provi-

dence of God. He found means of communicating with Father Corker, a Benedictine, who was his fellow-prisoner for conscience sake, and from him received the consolations of religion. In a narrative written immediately after the Primate's execution this good monk tells us that he had learned from Dr. Plunket's keepers "that he spent his time in almost continual prayer; that he fasted usually three or four days a week with nothing but bread, that he appeared to them always modestly cheerful, without any concern at his danger or strait confinement; that by his sweet and pious demeanour he attracted an esteem and reverence from those few that came near him." After his condemnation the Archbishop was allowed to see more visitors. Father Corker continues, "None saw him but received new comfort, new fervour, new desires to please, serve, and suffer for Christ by his very presence. Concerning the manner and state of his prayer, he seemed most devoted to Catholic sentences taken out of Scripture, the Divine Office and Missal, which he made me procure for him three months before he died. Upon these sentences he let his soul dilate itself in love, following herein the sweet impulse and dictates of the Holy Ghost, and reading his prayers writ rather in his heart than in his books according to that—'His unction teacheth you of all things' (1 St. John ii. 27). . . . He continually endeavoured to improve and advance himself in the purity of Divine love, and by consequence also in contrition for his sins past; of his deficiency in the both of which this humble soul complained to me as the only thing which troubled him. This love had extinguished in him all fear of death. 'Perfect charity casteth out fear.' A lover feareth not, but rejoiceth at the approach of the beloved. Hence the joy of our holy martyr seemed still to increase with his danger, and was fully accomplished by an assurance of death. The very night before he died, being now, as it were, at heart's ease, he went to bed at eleven o'clock, and slept quietly and soundly till four in the morning, at which time his man, who lay in the room with him, awaked him. So little concern had death upon his spirit, or

rather, so much had the loveliness of the end beautified the horror of the passage to it. All believed him innocent, and he made Catholics, even the most timorous, in love with death."

From his prison the holy Martyr contrived to write some most beautiful letters to his friends, many of which are still extant. In one, sent a few days before he suffered to his relation Michael Plunket, then a student in the Irish College at Rome, the dauntless Prelate wrote as follows :—

"Sentence of death passed against me on the 15th without causing me any fear, or depriving me of sleep for a quarter of an hour. I am innocent of all treason as the child born yesterday. As for my character, profession, and function I did own it publicly, and that being also the motive of my death, I die most willingly, and being the first among the Irish, I will teach others, with the grace of God, by example, not to fear death. But how am I, a poor creature, so stout, seeing that my Redeemer began to fear, to be weary and sad, and that drops of His Blood ran down to the ground. I have considered that Christ, by His fears and passions, merited for me to be without fear. . . . I forgive all who had a hand, directly or indirectly, in my death and in my innocent blood.

"I have recommended you to my friends, and also my nephew and two nieces. Jemmy and Joseph began their philosophy, and Mickey ended his prosody. Cathy and Tomasina and all will be in a sad condition. You know that Ned is simple, and that by Cromwell's people what little land and mortgages he had left him by his father were lost. I believe my friends will help my nephews if you will speak to Monsignore. I stuck to my care and districts until death.

"The English Catholics here were most charitable to me; they spared neither money nor gold to relieve me, and in my trial did for me all that even my brother would do; they are rare Catholics and most constant sufferers. My accusers swore that I had seventy thousand men . . . such romances as would not be believed by any jury in Ireland. . . . I expect daily to be brought to the place of execution, when my

bowels are to be cut out and burned before my face, and then my head to be cut off, &c.; which death I embrace willingly. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ . . ."

The end actually came on the 1st of July (old style). He was stretched, face uppermost, on a wooden hurdle, and dragged by horses through the streets of London to Tyburn, the place of execution reserved for public malefactors. The spot was thronged with an immense multitude of spectators who had come to see a Catholic prelate die for the Ancient Faith. And right nobly did the Venerable Oliver Plunket comport himself in that dread hour. He had carefully prepared in prison a long document in which once again he proved his innocence, protested against the injustice that had been done him, declared that he freely forgave his enemies, prayed for the King and royal family, and finally besought "the Divine Majesty, by the merits of Christ and by the intercession of His Blessed Mother and all the holy angels and saints, to forgive him his sins and to grant his soul eternal rest. The substance of this paper (which he was careful to leave also in writing, in order that his enemies might not falsify his last words) he delivered orally to the people as a speech from the scaffold. Then he calmly fell on his knees and said aloud the *Miserere* and many other prayers. The holy Martyr's last words were *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.* "Into Thy hands, O Lord, do I commend my spirit." Then the cart was drawn away, and the noble soul of Oliver Plunket returned to God who gave it.

Before his martyrdom the holy Archbishop had obtained permission to be buried with the five Jesuit Fathers who had suffered death at Tyburn for the Catholic Faith four years previously. Accordingly, by their side was he interred in the Church of St. Giles, while some English Catholics placed on the coffin a copper plate, on which was the following inscription:—

"In this tomb resteth the body of the Most Reverend Oliver Plunket, late Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, who, when accused of high

treason, through hatred of the Faith, by false brethren, and condemned to death, being hanged at Tyburn, and his bowels being taken out and cast into the fire, suffered martyrdom with constancy, in the reign of Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, &c., on the 1st day of July, 1681."

It will be remembered that, according to the brutal sentence, the Martyr's lifeless body was to be decapitated and quartered. Providentially, however, his old friend Father Corker secured possession of the head, and a few years afterwards succeeded in transferring it with the greater part of the body to the Benedictine Monastery in Lambspring in Germany, where these holy relics were received with much pomp and ceremony. The great Archbishop's head is at the present time venerated at the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Siena at Drogheda. The first superioress of this Convent was the Martyr's niece, the little Catherine of whom he wrote so affectionately shortly before his death in a letter from which we have already quoted. She obtained possession of this most precious relic through Dr. MacMahon, a worthy successor of St. Patrick and of the Venerable Oliver Plunket in the Primatial See. The Archbishop's body remained for many years at Lambspring, until in 1883 the English Benedictine Fathers obtained it for their monastery at Downside, near Bath. Here at present it rests in a simple tomb at the end of the north aisle of the church. May the spirit of this great Martyr, now before the throne of God, draw down the vengeance of the Saints, the vengeance of mercy and of love, such as Stephen of old obtained for Saul of Tarsus, upon the land where now his sacred bones await the day of joyous resurrection!

Only three years after Dr. Plunket's martyrdom Father Carter petitioned the Holy See for permission to keep a lamp perpetually burning before his shrine at Lambspring. Several Irish Bishops, and more particularly the Archbishop of Cashel, supported this request; but the authorities at Rome, with their customary prudence, did not judge it expedient in the then existing circumstances to allow anything which could give offence to the British Government.

Circumstances have, however, thanks be to God, changed wonderfully in England since the days of Charles II. and the Popish Plot. Therefore on the 9th of December, 1886, the present Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., was not content with signing the decree whereby public honour was given to fifty-four Blessed English Martyrs, already acknowledged as such by Pope Gregory XIII., but also granted permission for the cause of Beatification to be introduced in the case of two hundred and sixty-four other heroic Servants of God who shed their blood in England for the Catholic Faith and the Apostolic See during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In this glorious roll is to be found the name of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. He is therefore now known amongst Catholics as *Venerable*, and it is permitted us to cherish the hope that he may at no distant day be raised upon our Altars together with the Blessed John Cardinal Fisher of Rochester, the Blessed Thomas More, the Blessed Edmund Campion and the rest of the gallant band of faithful priests and people who have witnessed a good confession, upon English soil, even to the shedding of their blood for the sake of Christ their Lord.

Meanwhile, we shall best honour the holy memory of the Venerable Oliver Plunket if we strive to catch something of his noble, fearless spirit, of his unfailing charity, of his utter self-forgetfulness—above all, of his unswerving loyalty through good and evil report to the Faith which he had received from his fathers, the Faith of the One True Church of God, built by Jesus of Nazareth, upon that Rock, against which the winds and storms must ever beat in vain.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

VIII. Ignorance concerning Catholics the protection of the Protestant View.

1.

You may have asked yourselves, Brothers of the Oratory, why it was that, in exposing, as I did last week, the shallowness of the philosophy on which our opponents erect their structure of argument against us, I did not take, as my illustration, an instance far more simple and ready to my hand than that to which I actually directed your attention. It was my object, on that occasion, to show that Protestants virtually assume the point in debate between them and us, in any particular controversy, in the very principles with which they set out; that those first principles, for which they offer no proof, involve their conclusions; so that, if we are betrayed into the inadvertence of passing them over without remark, we are forthwith defeated and routed, even before we have begun to move forward to the attack, as might happen to cavalry who manœurved on a swamp, or to a guerilla force which ventured on the open plain. Protestants and Catholics each have their own ground, and cannot engage on any other; the question in dispute between them is more elementary than men commonly suppose; it relates to the ground itself, on which the

battle is legitimately and rightfully to be fought; the first principles assumed in the starting of the controversy determine the issue. Protestants in fact do but say that we are superstitious, because it is superstitious to do as we do; that we are deluded, because it is a delusion to believe what we believe; that we are knaves, because it must be knavery to teach what we teach. A short and pleasant argument, easier even and safer than that extempore and improvisatore mode of fabricating and fabling against us, of which I have said so much in former Lectures; easier and safer, inasmuch as, according to the proverb, "great wits ought to have long memories," when they deal with facts. In arguments about facts, there must be consistency, and speciousness, and proof, and circumstantial evidence; private judgment in short becomes subject to sundry and serious liabilities when it deals with history and testimony, from which it is comparatively free when it expatiates in opinions and views. Now of this high *à priori* mode of deciding the question, the specimen I actually took was the Protestant argument against relics and miracles; and I selected this instance for its own sake, because I wished to bring out what I thought an important truth as regarded them; but a more obvious instance certainly would have been the surprising obtuseness, for I can use no other word, with which the Protestant Rule of Faith, which Catholics disown, is so often obtruded on us, as a necessary basis of discussion, which it is thought absurd and self-destructive not to accept, in any controversy about doctrine.

All the world knows that Catholics hold that the Apostles made over the Divine Revelation to the generation after them, not only in writing, but by word of mouth, and in the ritual of the Church. We consider that the New Testament is not the whole of what they left us: that they left us a number of doctrines, not in writing at all, but living in the minds and mouths of the faithful: Protestants deny this. They have a right to deny it: but they have no right to assume their denial to be true without proof, and to use it as self-evident, and to triumph over us as beaten, merely because we will not admit it.

Yet this they actually do: can anything be more preposterous? however, they do this as innocently and naturally as if it were the most logical of processes, and the fairest and most unexceptionable of proceedings. For instance, there was a country gentleman in this neighbourhood, in the course of last year, who, having made some essays in theology among his tenantry in his walks over his estate, challenged me to prove some point, I am not clear what, but I think it was the infallibility of the Holy See, or of the Church. Were my time my own, I should never shrink from any controversy, having the experience of twenty years, that the more Catholicism and its doctrines are sifted, the more distinct and luminous will its truth ever come out into view; and in the instance in question I did not decline the invitation. However, it soon turned out that it was a new idea to the gentleman in question, that I was not bound to prove the point in debate simply by Scripture; he considered that Scripture was to be the sole basis of the discussion. This was quite another thing. For myself, I firmly believe that in Scripture the Catholic doctrine on the subject *is* contained; but had I accepted this gratuitous and officious proposition, you see I should have been simply recognising a Protestant principle, which I disown. He would not controvert with me at all, unless I subscribed to a doctrine which I believe to be, not only a dangerous, but an absurd error; and, because I would not allow him to assume what it was his business to prove, before he brought it forward, and because I challenged him to prove that Scripture was, as he assumed, the Rule of Faith, he turned away as happy and self-satisfied as if he had gained a victory. That all truth is contained in Scripture was his first principle; he thought none but an idiot could doubt it, none but a Jesuit could deny it; he thought it axiomatic; he thought that to offer proof was even a profanation of so self-evident a point, and that to demand it was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the person demanding;—but this, I repeat, was no extraordinary instance of Protestant argumentation; it occurs every other day.

The instance in controversy, to which I have been

alluding, leads by no very difficult nor circuitous transition to the subject to which I mean to devote the present Lecture. Let it be observed, that the fallacy involved in the Protestant Rule of Faith is this,—that its upholders fancy, most unnaturally, that the accidental and occasional writings of an Apostle convey to them of necessity his whole mind. It does not occur to them to ask themselves, whether, as he has in part committed his teaching to writing, so possibly, he may not have expressed it in part through other channels also. Very different this from their mode of acting in matters of this world, in which nothing are they more distrustful of, or discontented with, than mere letter-writing, when they would arrive at the real state of a case in which they are interested. When a government, or the proprietors of a newspaper, would gain accurate information on any subject, they send some one to the spot, to see with his eyes. When a man of business would bring a negotiation to a safe and satisfactory conclusion, he exclaims that letters are endless, and forthwith despatches a confidential person to transact the matter with the parties with whom he is treating. We know how unwilling heads of families are to take servants by written characters, considering that writing is not minute and real enough for their purpose. Writing, of course, has special advantages, but it has its defects; and other methods of information compensate for them. It must be recollected, too, as regards the New Testament, that it is not a technical document, like an Act of Parliament, or a legal instrument, but is made up of various portions, exhibiting, more or less, the free and flowing, course of thought of their respective writers. It is not worded with the scientific precision of a formal treatise, a creed, or a last will and testament. Now, works written in this natural style are especially liable to receive an interpretation, and to make an impression, not in correspondence with the writer's intention, but according to the private principles and feelings of the reader. The imagination draws the unknown or absent author in lineaments altogether different from the original. Did we suddenly see St. Peter or St. Paul, and hear him converse, most of us would not recognise, or even suspect

him to be the Apostle. How surprised we sometimes are by the sight of those of whom we have often heard speak, or whose writings we have often read! We cannot believe we have the living author before us. Hence it is common to hear it said in favour of intemperate partisans by their friends, "If you knew him, you really would like him; he is so different from his mode of writing or speaking;" others, on the other hand, meet with a person whom they have long admired through the medium of his works, and are quite mortified and annoyed that they like his conversation and his manners so little.

Unless my memory fails me of what I read years ago, a well-known authoress, lately deceased, supplies in her tales one or two instances in point. I recollect the description of an old-fashioned, straightforward East Indian, who had for years corresponded with the widow of a friend in England, and from her letters had conceived a high opinion of her good sense and propriety of feeling. Then, as the story goes on to tell, he comes back to England, becomes acquainted with her, and, to his disappointment, is gradually made aware that she is nothing else than a worldly, heartless, and manœuvring woman. The same writer draws elsewhere a very young lady, who, in the spirit of romance, has carried on a correspondence with another female whom she never saw; on the strength of which, from a conviction of the sympathy which must exist between them, she runs from home to join her, with the view of retiring with her for life to some secluded valley in Wales; but is shocked to find, on meeting her, that after all she is vulgar, unattractive, and middle-aged. Were it necessary, numberless instances might be given to the purpose; of mistakes, too, of every kind; of persons, when seen, turning out different from their writings, for the better as well as for the worse, or neither for the better nor the worse, but still so different as to surprise us and make us muse; different in opinion, or in principle, or in conduct, or in impression and effect. And thus Scripture, in like manner, though written under a supernatural guidance, is, from the nature of the case, from the defect of human language, and the infirmity of the recipient, unable by itself to convey the real mind of

its writers to all who read it. Instead of its forcing its meaning upon the reader, the reader forces his own meaning upon it, colours it with his own thoughts and distorts it to his own purposes; so that something is evidently needed besides it, such as the teaching of the Church, to protect it from the false private judgment of the individual. And if this be true when the New Testament, as a whole, is contemplated, how much more certainly will it take place when Protestants contract their reading professedly to only a part of it, as to St. Paul's Epistles; and then again, out of St. Paul, select the two Epistles to the Romans and Galatians; and still further, as is so common, confine themselves to one or two sentences, which constitute practically the whole of the Protestant written word! Why, of course, it is very easy to put what sense they please on one or two verses; and thus the Religion of the Apostles may come in the event to mean anything or nothing.

2

Here, then, we are arrived at the subject on which I mean to remark this evening. Protestants judge of the Apostles' doctrine by "texts," as they are commonly called, taken from Scripture, and nothing more; and they judge of our doctrine too by "texts" taken from our writings, and nothing more. Picked verses, bits torn from the context, half sentences, are the warrant of the Protestant Idea, of what is Apostolic truth, on the one hand, and, on the other, of what is Catholic falsehood. As they have their chips and fragments of St. Paul and St. John, so have they their chips and fragments of Suarez and Bellarmine; and out of the former they make to themselves their own Christian religion, and out of the latter our Anti-christian superstition. They do not ask themselves sincerely, as a matter of fact and history, *What* did the Apostles teach then? nor do they ask sincerely, and as a matter of fact, *What* do Catholics teach now? they judge of the Apostles and they judge of us by scraps, and on these scraps they exercise their private judgment,—that is, their Prejudice, as I described

two Lectures back, and their Assumed Principles, as I described in my foregoing Lecture; and the process ends in their bringing forth, out of their scraps from the Apostles, what they call "Scriptural Religion," and out of their scraps from our theologians, what they call Popery.

The first Christians were a living body; they were thousands of zealous, energetic men, who preached, disputed, catechised, and conversed from year's end to year's end. They spoke by innumerable tongues, with one heart and one soul, all saying the same thing; all this multitudinous testimony about the truths of Revelation, Protestants narrow down into one or two meagre sentences, which at their own will and pleasure they select from St. Paul, and at their own will and pleasure they explain, and call the Gospel. They do just the same thing with us; Catholics, at least, have a lively illustration and evidence of the absurdity of Protestant private judgment as exercised on the Apostolic writings in the visible fact of its absurdity as exercised on themselves. They, as their forefathers, the first Christians, are a living body; they, too, preach, dispute, catechise, converse with innumerable tongues, saying the same thing, as our adversaries confess, all over the earth. Well, then, you would think the obvious way was, if they would know what we really teach, to come and ask us, to talk with us, to try to enter into our views, and to attend to our teaching. Not at all; they do not dream of doing so; hey take their "texts;" they have got their cut-and-dried specimens from our divines, which the Protestant Tradition hands down from generation to generation; and, as by the aid of their verses from Scripture, they think they understand the Gospel better than the first Christians, so by the help of these choice extracts from our works, they think they understand our doctrine better than we do ourselves. They will not allow us to explain our books. So sure are they of their knowledge, and so superior to us, that they have no difficulty in setting us right, and in accounting for our contradicting them. Sometimes Catholics are "evasive and shuffling," which, of course, will explain everything; sometimes they simply "have never been told what their creed really is;" the

priest keeps it from them, and cheats them; as yet, too, perhaps they are "recent converts," and do not know the actual state of things, though they will know in time. Thus Protestants judge us by their "texts;" and by "texts" I do not mean only passages from our writers, but all those samples of whatever kind, historical, ecclesiastical, biographical, or political, carefully prepared, improved, and finished off by successive artists for the occasion, which they think so much more worthy of credit and reliance as to facts, than us and our word, who are in the very communion to which those texts relate. Some good personal knowledge of us, and intercourse with us, not in the way of controversy or criticism, but what is prior—viz., in the way of sincere inquiry, in order to ascertain how things really lie, such knowledge and intercourse would be worth all the conclusions, however elaborate and subtle, from rumours, false witnessings, suspicions, romantic scenes, morsels of history, morsels of theology, morsels of our miraculous legends, morsels of our devotional writers, morsels from our individual members, whether unlearned or intemperate, which are the "text" of the traditional Protestant view against us. This, then, is the last of the causes, which in the course of these Lectures I shall assign, and on which this evening I shall insist, by way of accounting for the hatred and contempt shown towards the Catholics of England by their fellow-countrymen—viz., that the Catholics of England, as a body, are not personally known.

3

I have already observed, that in matters of this world, when a man would really get information on a subject, he eschews reports, and mistrusts understandings, and betakes himself to head-quarters. The best letters and travels about a foreign people are tame and dead compared with the view he gains by residence among them; and when that has continued for a sufficient time, he perceives how unreal were even those first impressions, which, on his arriving, were made upon him by the successive accidents of the hour. Knowledge thus

obtained cannot be communicated to others: it is imbibed and appropriated by the mind as a personal possession; an idea of the people among whom he lives is set up within him; he may like them or not, but his perception is real, and, if any one questions it, he need but appeal to the circumstance of his long residence in the country, and say he has a right to an opinion, which, nevertheless, he can perhaps but poorly and partially defend. He can but give his testimony, and must be believed on his reputation. And surely, if he has a fair name for powers of observation and good sense, he may be believed without proof. He has witnessed what others argue about. He has contemplated the national character in life and in action, as it is brought out in its opinions, aims, sentiments, and dispositions in the course of the day and the year; he has heard the words, seen the deeds, watched the manners, breathed the atmosphere, and so caught the true idea of the people;—in other words, he has mastered their Tradition. This is what Catholics mean by Tradition, and why they go so much by it. It does not *prove* our doctrines to the man in question, but it will tell him, in a way no other informant can tell him, *what* our doctrines are. It has a substance and a reality peculiar to itself; for it is not a sample or specimen of us merely; but it is we, our thinking, speaking, acting self; our principles, our judgments, our proceedings. What we hold, what we do not hold, what we like, what we hate, cannot all be written down, whether by us or by others; you can have no daguerreotype of intellect, affection, and will; at best you have but a few bold strokes recorded for the benefit of others, according to the skill of the individual artist. Those who write books about a people or a school of men are hardly more than extempore sketchers; or they paint from memory; if you would have the real things, what the men are, what they think, what they do, close your books, take a ticket by the first train, cross the channel, plunge in among them, drink them in. This is what is called painting from the life; and what is here called life the Catholic calls Tradition, which eclipses and supersedes, when and where it can be had, the amplest collection of "texts"

and extracts about our doctrine and polity, which was ever put together by the ablest of compilers.

Now let me quote some words of my own on this subject, when I was a Protestant. As they are written in controversy with Catholics, they are so much more to my present purpose; especially as I did not, when I wrote them, see their bearing on the point I am now insisting on. The passage is long, but its appositeness may excuse it.

"We hear it said," I then observed, "that they [the Catholics] go by Tradition; and we fancy in consequence that there are a *certain definite number of statements ready framed and compiled*, which they profess to have received from the Apostles. One may hear the question sometimes asked, for instance, *where* their professed Traditions are to be found, whether there is any *collection* of them, and whether they are printed and published. Now, though they would allow that the Traditions of the Church are, in fact, contained in the writings of her Doctors, still this question proceeds on somewhat of a misconception of their real theory, which seems to be as follows:—By tradition they mean the whole system of faith and ordinances, which they have received from the generation before them, and that generation again from the generation before itself. And in this sense undoubtedly we all go by Tradition in matters of this world. Where is the corporation, society, or fraternity of any kind, but has certain received rules and understood practices, which are nowhere put down in writing? How often do we hear it said, that this or that person has 'acted unusually;' that so and so 'was never done before;' that it is 'against rule,' and the like; and then, perhaps, to avoid the inconvenience of such irregularity in future, what was before a tacit engagement is turned into a formal and explicit order or principle. The need of a regulation must be discovered before it is supplied; and the virtual transgression of it goes before its imposition. At this very time, great part of the law of the land is administered under the sanction of such a Tradition: it is not contained in any formal or authoritative code, it depends on custom or precedent.

There is no explicit written law, for instance, simply declaring murder to be a capital offence, unless, indeed, we have recourse to the divine command in the ninth chapter of the book of Genesis. Murderers are hanged by *custom.* Such as this is the Tradition of the Church; Tradition is uniform custom. . It is silent, but it lives. It is silent like the rapids of a river, before the rocks intercept it. It is the Church's . . habit of opinion and feeling, which she reflects upon, masters and expresses, according to the emergency. We see, then, the mistake of asking for a complete collection of the Roman traditions; as well might we ask for a collection of a man's tastes and opinions on a given subject. Tradition in its fulness is necessarily unwritten; it is the mode in which a society has felt or acted, during a certain period, and it cannot be circumscribed, any more than a man's countenance and manner can be conveyed to strangers in any set of propositions."*

I see nothing to alter in these remarks, written many years before I became a Catholic; and you see with what force they tell against the system of judging any body of men by extracts, passages, specimens, and sayings—nay, even by their documents, if these are taken by us to be sufficient informants, instead of our studying the living body itself. For instance, there has been lately a good deal of surprise expressed in some quarters, though it is not likely to have attracted your attention, that the infallibility of the Church has never been decreed, whether in General Council or by other ecclesiastical authority, to be a Catholic doctrine. This has been put about as a discovery, and an important one: and Catholics have been triumphantly asked, how it is that the tenet which is at the bottom of their whole system is nowhere set down in writing and propounded for belief. But, in truth, there is neither novelty nor importance in the remark: on the one hand, it has been made again and again;† and on the other, whenever it has been

* Prophetical Office, Lecture I. pp. 38-41.

† *E.g.* By myself, though not in objection, in the work above quoted, Lecture X. p. 293. By Cressy, in Dr. Hammond's Works, vol. ii. p. 635, two centuries ago.

urged against us, it has been simply urged from ignorance, as I have already shown you, of the real state of the case. Is nothing true but what has been written down? on the contrary, the whole Catholic truth has ever lived, and only lived, in the hearts and on the tongues of the Catholic people; and, while it is one mistake in the objectors in question, to think that they know the Catholic faith, it is a second, to think that they can teach it to Catholics. Which party is more likely to be in possession of what Catholics believe, they or we? There is a maxim commonly accepted, that "Every one is to be trustful in his own art;" from which it would follow, that, as Frenchmen are the best masters of French, and pilots the best steersmen on the river, Catholics ought to know Catholicism better than other men. Military men do not show particular respect for the criticisms of civilians. As for amateur physicians, I suppose most of us would rather be doctored by the village nurse, who blindly goes by tradition and teaching, than by a clever person, who, among other things, has dabbled in family vade-mecums and materia-medicas, abounds in theories and views, and has a taste for experiments. Again, I have heard able men, who were not lawyers, impugn the institution of Trial by Jury; and the answer to them has been, "You are not learned in the law, it works well." In like manner, a great statesman says of Protestant Clergymen, that they "understand least and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind that can write and read." Yet any one is thought qualified to attack or to instruct a Catholic in matters of his religion; a country gentleman, a navy captain, a half-pay officer, with time on his hands, never having seen a Catholic, or a Catholic ceremonial, or a Catholic treatise, in his life, is competent, by means of one or two periodicals and tracts, and a set of Protestant extracts against Popery, to teach the Pope in his own religion, and refute a Council.

4.

Suarez, Vasquez, de Lugo, Lambertini, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura, a goodly succession of folios on our

shelves! You would think the doctrine would take some time to master, which has occupied the lives and elicited the genius of some of the greatest masters of thought whom the world has known. Our Protestant, however, is sure there must be very little in such works, because they are so voluminous. He has not studied our doctrines, he has not learned our terms; he calls our theological language jargon, and he thinks the whole matter lies in a nutshell. He is ever mistaking one thing for another, and thinks it does not signify. Ignorance in his case is the mother, not certainly of devotion, but of inconceivable conceit and preternatural injustice. If he is to attack or reply, up he takes the first specimen or sample of our doctrine which the Reformation Society has provided, some dreadful sentiment of the Jesuit Bellarmine, or the Schoolman Scotus. He has never turned to the passage in the original work, never verified it, never consulted the context, never construed its wording; he blindly puts his own sense upon it, or the "authorised version" given to it by the Society in question, and boldly presents it to the British public, which is forthwith just as much shocked at it as he is. Now, anything is startling and grotesque, if taken out of its place, and surveyed without reference to the whole to which it belongs. The perfection of the parts lies in their subserviency to a whole; and they often have no meaning except in their bearing upon each other. How can you tell whether a thing is good or bad, unless you know what it is intended for? Protestants, however, separate our statements from their occasions and their objects, and then ask what in the world can be their meaning or their use. This is evident to any one whose intellect is not fettered to his particular party, and who does but take the trouble to consider Catholic doctrines, not as they stand in Reformation Tracts, torn up by the roots or planted head-downwards, but as they are found in our gardens. I am tempted to quote a passage on the subject from a recent Review, which is as far as possible from showing any leaning to Catholicism. You will see how fully an impartial writer, neither Catholic nor Protestant, bears me out in what I have said:—

"A true British Protestant," he says, "whose notions

of 'Popery' are limited to what he hears from an Evangelical curate, or has seen at the opening of a Jesuit church, looks on the whole system as an obsolete mummery, and no more believes that men of sense can seriously adopt it, than that they will be converted to the practice of eating their dinner with a Chinaman's chopsticks instead of the knife and fork. . . . . Few even of educated Englishmen have any suspicion of the depth and solidity of the Catholic dogma, its wide and various adaptation to wants ineffaceable from the human heart, its wonderful fusion of the supernatural into the natural life, its vast resources for a powerful hold upon the conscience. . . . . Into this interior view, however, the popular polemics neither give, nor have the slightest insight. . . . . It is not among the ignorant and vulgar, but among the intellectual and imaginative; not by appeals to the senses in worship, but by consistency and subtlety of thought, that in our days converts will be made to the ancient Church. . . . . When a thoughtful man, accustomed to defer to historical authority, and competent to estimate moral theories as a whole, is led to penetrate beneath the surface, he is unprepared for the sight of so much speculative grandeur; and if he has been a mere Anglican or Lutheran, is perhaps astonished into the conclusion that the elder system has the advantage in philosophy and antiquity alike."*

You see how entirely this able writer, with no sort of belief in Catholicism, justifies what I have been saying. Fragments, extracts, specimens, convey no idea to the world of what we are; he who wishes to know us must condescend to study us. The Catholic doctrine is after all too great to be comfortably accommodated in a Protestant nutshell; it cannot be surveyed at a glance, or refuted by a syllogism:—and what this author says of Catholic doctrine applies to Catholic devotion also. Last week I made some observations on our miracles; and I then said that they would be scorned and rejected, or not, according as this or that First Principle concerning them was taken for granted; but now I am going

* Westminster Review, Jan. 1851.

to advance a step further. I really think then, that, even putting aside First Principles, no one can read the lives of certain of our Saints, as St. Francis Xavier, or St. Philip Neri, with seriousness and attention, without rising up from the perusal,—I do not say converted to Catholicism (that is a distinct matter, which I have kept apart throughout these Lectures),—but indisposed to renew the ridicule and scorn in which he has indulged previously. One isolated miracle looks strange, but many interpret each other: this or that, separated from the system of which they are a part, may be perfectly incredible; but when they are viewed as portions of a whole, they press upon the inquirer a feeling, I do not say absolutely of conviction, but at least of wonder, of perplexity, and almost of awe. When you consider the vast number which are recorded, for instance, in the life of St. Philip, their variety, their exuberance in a short space of time, the circumstantial exactness with which they are recorded, the diversity and multitude of witnesses and attestations which occur in the course of the narrative, the thought will possess you, even though you are not yet able to receive them, that after all fraud or credulity is no sufficient account of them. No skill could invent so many, so rapidly, so consistently, and so naturally; and you are sensible, and you confess, that, whatever be the truth of the matter, you have not got to the bottom of it. You have ceased to contemn, you have learned to respect.

5

And so again I would say of any book which lets you into the private life of personages who have had any great deal to do with the government of the Church, which brings you, so to say, behind the scenes, where all pretence is impossible, and where men appear what they are: it is simply impossible, or at least it would be as good as a miracle, for any one to study such works, and still consider that the Pope was the man of sin, and the Mother of Saints a Jezabel. You see that Popes and Cardinals and Prelates are not griffins and wiverns, but men; good men, or bad men, or neither one nor the other,

as the case may be; bold men, or weak men, worldly men or unworldly, but still men. They have human feelings, human affections, human virtues, human anxieties, human hopes and joys, whatever higher than mere human excellence a Catholic of course would ascribe to them. They are no longer, as before, the wild beasts, or the frogs, or the locusts, or the plagues of the Apocalypse; such a notion, if you have ever entertained it, is gone for ever. You feel it to have been a ridiculous illusion, and you laugh at it. For instance, I would take such a book as Cardinal Pacca's Memoirs of Pope Pius the VII's captivity. Here is a book of facts; here is a narrative, simple and natural. It does not give you the history of an absolute hero or of a saint; but of a good, religious, holy man, who would have rather died any moment than offend God; who had an overpowering sense of his responsibility, and a diffidence in his own judgment which made him sometimes err in his line of conduct. Here, too, is vividly brought out before you what we mean by Papal infallibility, or rather what we do not mean by it: you see how the Pope was open to any mistake, as others may be, in his own person, true as it is, that whenever he spoke *ex cathedrâ* on subjects of revealed truth, he spoke as its divinely ordained expounder. It is difficult to bring this home to you by any mere extracts from such a work; and I shall be perhaps falling into the very fault I am exposing if I attempt to do so; yet I cannot refrain asking you candidly, whether passages such as the following can be said to fit in with the received Protestant Tradition of the Pope, as a sort of diabolical automaton, spouting out sin and wickedness by the necessity of his nature.

When Pope Pius and Cardinal Pacca were carried off by the French from Rome, as they sat in the carriage, "The Pope," says the Cardinal, "a few minutes afterwards, asked me whether I had with me any money: to which I replied, 'Your Holiness saw that I was arrested in your own apartments, so that I have had no opportunity of providing myself.' We then both of us drew forth our purses, and, notwithstanding the state of affliction we were in at being thus torn away from Rome,

and all that was dear to us, we could hardly compose our countenances on finding the contents of each purse to consist, in that of the Pope of one papetto (about 10*d.*), and in mine three grossi (7½*d.*). Thus the Sovereign of Rome and his Prime Minister set forth upon their journey, literally, without figure of speech or metaphor, in true Apostolic style, conformable with the precept of our Saviour addressed to His disciples: 'Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money; neither have two coats apiece.' We were without eatables, and we had no clothes except those we wore, not even the shirt; and the habits, such as they were, were most inconvenient for travelling. . . . . With regard to money, we had precisely thirty-five baiocchi (halfpence) between us. The Pope, extending his hand, showed his papetto to General Radet, saying at the same time, 'Look here; this is all I possess, all that remains of my principality.'"*

Or take again the account of the Pontiff's conduct after having been betrayed into signing the unhappy Concordat with Napoleon. "The Pope, so long as the Emperor remained at Fontainebleau, manifested no outward appearance of the feelings that agitated his heart with regard to what had happened; but so soon as Napoleon was gone, he fell into a state of profound despondency, and was attacked by fever. Conversing with the Cardinals . . . and discussing the subject of the articles to which he had just affixed his signature, he at once saw by the undisguised expression of their countenances, the fatal consequences likely to be the fruit of that ill-advised deed, and became so horror-struck and afflicted in consequence, that for several days he abstained from the celebration of the holy sacrifice, under the impression that he had acted unworthily. . . . . Perceiving the general disapprobation, and, as it were, shudder of the public mind among all religious, well-conducted persons, he fell into that hopeless state of deep melancholy, which I before attempted to describe, on the occasion of my arrival at Fontainebleau."† "At first sight of the Holy Father, I was thoroughly shocked

* Head's Pacca, vol. i. p. 157. † Head's Pacca, vol. ii. p. 143.

and astonished to see how pale and emaciated he had become, how his body was bent, how his eyes were fixed and sunk in his head, and how he looked at me with, as it were, the glare of a man grown stupid. . . . . The solitude and silence of the place, the expression of sadness that appeared on every countenance, added to the recent spectacle of profound grief I had witnessed in the person of the Pope, and, above all, the unexpectedly cold reception I had experienced from his Holiness, occasioned me a degree of surprise, and a sorrowful compression of heart, that it is far more easy for an indifferent person to imagine than for myself to describe. . . He was . . overwhelmed by a depression of spirits the most profound, so much so, that in the course of speaking to me of what had happened, he frequently broke forth in the most plaintive ejaculations, saying, among many other similarly interjectional expressions, that the thought of what had been done tormented him continually, that he could not get it out of his mind, that he could neither rest by day, nor sleep by night; that he could not eat more than barely sufficient to sustain life."*

Then observe the difference, after he had retracted the deed which distressed him so much, though at the very time he was anticipating the utmost fury of Napoleon in consequence, whose prisoner he was. "There suddenly appeared in his person and countenance an unexpected alteration. Previously, the profound grief in which, as I have before stated, he was continually immersed, was consuming him day by day, and was deeply imprinted on his features, which now, on the contrary, became all at once serene, and, as he gradually recovered his usual gaiety of spirits, were occasionally animated by a smile. Neither did he any longer complain of loss of appetite, or of the inquietude and agitation that every night, for a considerable time before, had interrupted his repose." †

These passages put one in mind of the beautiful legend contained in the Breviary of a far greater fault, the fall of Pope Marcellinus. "In the monstrous Diocletian persecution," says the Lesson, "Marcellinus, overcome

* Ibid, vol. i. p. 406. † Head's Pacca, vol. ii. p. 187.

with terror, sacrificed to the idols of the gods; for which sin he soon conceived so great repentance, that he came in sackcloth to Sinuessa, to a full council of Bishops, where, with abundant tears, he openly confessed his crime. Whom, however, none dare condemn, but all with one voice cried out, 'Thy own mouth, not our judgment, be thy judge, for the first See is judged by none. Peter, too, by a like infirmity of mind, failed, and by like tears obtained pardon from God.' Then he returned to Rome, went to the Emperor, severely reproached him for tempting him to that impiety, and with three others was beheaded."

Popes, then, though they are infallible in their office, as Prophets and Vicars of the Most High, and though they have generally been men of holy life, and many of them actually saints, have the trials, and incur the risks of other men. Our doctrine of infallibility means something very different from what Protestants think it means.

And so again, all the inconsistencies which they think they find in what we teach of the sanctity of the Priesthood compared with the actual conduct of a portion of the members of it, would vanish, if they understood that a priest, in a Catholic sense, as in St. Paul's sense, is one "who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that err, *for that he himself also* is encompassed with infirmity." Yet, strange to say, so little are they aware of our real doctrine on the subject, that even since these Lectures began, it has been said to me, in reference to them in print, "A vulgar error in your Church is, that the Priests are so divinely protected that none of them can hardly err, can hardly sin. This notion is now at an end, as far as you are concerned." Most marvellous! This writer's idea, and the idea of most Protestants is, that we profess that all Priests are angels, but that really they are all devils. No, neither the one nor the other; if these Protestants came to us and asked, they would find that we taught a far different doctrine—viz., that Priests were mortal men, who were intrusted with high gifts for the good of the people, that they might err as other men, that they would fall if they were not watchful, that in various times and places large numbers had fallen, so

much so, that the Priesthood of whole countries had before now apostatised, as happened in great measure in England three centuries ago, and that at all times there was a certain remnant scattered about of priests who did not live up to their faith and their profession; still that, on the whole, they had been, as a body, the salt of the earth and the light of the world, through the power of divine grace, and that thus, in spite of the frailty of human nature, they had fulfilled the blessed purposes of their institution.

But not in one or two points merely, but in everything we think and say and do, as Catholics, were we but known, what a reformation would there not at once follow in the national mind in respect to us! British fair dealing and good sense would then recover their supremacy; and Maria Monks and Teodores would find their occupation gone. We should hear no more of the laity being led blindfold, of their being forced to digest impossibilities under menace of perdition, of their struggles to get loose continually overmastered by their superstition, and of their heart having no part in their profession. The spectres of tyranny, hypocrisy, and fraud would flit away with the morning light. There would be no more dread of being burned alive by Papists, or of the gutters overflowing with Protestant blood. Dungeons, racks, pulleys, and quick lime would be like the leavings of a yesterday's revel. Nor would the political aims and plots and intrigues, so readily imputed to us, seem more substantial; and though, I suppose, there is lying, and littleness, and overreaching, and rivalry, to be found among us as among other sons of Adam, yet the notion that we monopolised these vile qualities, or had more than our share of them, would be an exploded superstition. This indeed would be a short and easy way, not of making Protestants Catholics, but of reversing their ridiculous dreams about us,—I mean, if they actually saw what they so interminably argue about. But it is not to be:—first comes in the way that very love of arguing and of having no opinion, to which my last words have alluded. Men would be sorry indeed that the controversy should be taken from the region of argument and trans-

ferred to that of fact. They like to think as they please; and as they would by no means welcome St. Paul, did he come from heaven to instruct them in the actual meaning of his "texts" in Romans iii. or Galatians ii., so they would think it a hardship to be told that they must not go on maintaining and proving, that we were really what their eyes would testify we were not. And then, too, dear scandal and romancing put in their claim; how would the world go on, and whence would come its staple food and its cheap luxuries, if Catholicism were taken from the market? Why, it would be like the cotton crop failing, or a new tax put upon tea. And then, too, comes prejudice, "like the horseleech, crying, Give, give:" how is prejudice to exist without Catholic iniquities and enormities? prejudice, which could not fast for a day, which would be in a torment inexpressible, and call it Popish persecution, to be kept on this sort of meagre for a Lent, and would shake down Queen and Parliament with the violence of its convulsions, rather than it should never suck a Catholic's sweet bones and drink his blood any more.

Prejudice and hatred, political party, animosities of race and country, love of gossip and scandal, private judgments, resentments, sensitive jealousies, these, and a number of bad principles besides, extending through the country, present an almost insuperable obstacle to our obtaining a fair hearing and receiving a careful examination. There are other feelings, too, not wrong, as I would trust, in which before now I have participated myself, but equally drawing a *cordon* between Catholics and the rest of the population. One, for instance, is the motive frequently influencing those who really feel a great drawing towards the Catholic Church, though they are unable to accept her doctrines; and who, wishing to act, not by affection or liking or fancy, but by reason, are led to dread lest the impulses of love, gratitude, admiration, and devotion which they feel within them, should overcome in their hearts the claims of truth and justice, and decide the matter peremptorily for them, if they subjected themselves to an intercourse with Catholics. And another consideration weighs with such Protestants

as are in a responsible situation in their own communion, or are its ministers and functionaries. These persons feel that while they hold office in a body which is at war with Catholics, they are as little at liberty to hold friendly intercourse with them, even with the open avowal of their differing from them in serious matters, as an English officer or a member of Parliament may lawfully correspond with the French Government during a time of hostilities. These various motives, and others besides, better and worse, are, I repeat, almost an insuperable barrier in the way of any real and familar intercourse between Protestants and ourselves: and they act, in consequence, as the means of perpetuating what may be considered the chief negative cause, and the simplest explanation, of the absurdities so commonly entertained about us by all classes of society. Personal intercourse, then, being practically just as much out of the question with us, as with the Apostles themselves or the Jewish prophets, Protestantism has nothing left for it, when it would argue about us, but to have recourse, as in the case of Scripture, to its "texts," its chips, shavings, brickbats, potsherds, and other odds and ends of the Heavenly City, which form the authenticated and ticketed specimens of what the Catholic Religion is in its great national Museum.

6.

I am complaining of nothing which I do not myself wish to avoid in dealing with my opponents. I wish them to be judged by their traditions; and in these Lectures I have steadily kept in view the Elizabethan Tradition, and wished to consider it the centre and the life of all they say and do. If I select their words or their acts, I wish to throw myself into them, and determine what they mean by the light of this informing principle. And I have means of doing so which many others have not, having been a Protestant myself. I have stood on their ground; and would always aim at handling their arguments, not as so many dead words, but as the words of a speaker in a particular state of mind, which must be experienced, or witnessed, or

explored, if it is to be understood. Calvin, for instance, somewhere calls his own doctrine, that souls are lost without their own free will by the necessity of divine predestination, horrible; at least, so he is said to do, for I do not know his writings myself. Now I conceive he never can really say this; I conceive he uses the Latin word in the sense of fearful or awful, and that to make him say "horrible" is the mere unfairness of some Lutheran adversary, who will not enter into his meaning. This is to go by the letter, not by the spirit; by the text, not by the tradition. The lawyers, again, as I noticed in my first Lecture, speak of the "Omnipotence of Parliament;" I never will be so unjust to them as to take them literally. I am perfectly sure that it never entered into the head of any Speaker, or Prime Minister, or Serjeant-at-Arms, to claim any superhuman prerogative for the Two Houses. Those officials all feel intensely, I am sure, that they are but feeble and fallible creatures, and would laugh at any one who shuddered at their use of a phrase which has a parliamentary sense as well as a theological. Now I only claim to be heard in turn with the same candour which I exemplify so fully, when I speak myself of the omnipotence of the Blessed Virgin. When such an expression is used by a Catholic, he would be as indignant as a member of Parliament to find it perverted by an enemy from the innocent sense in which he used it. Parliament is omnipotent, as having the power to do what it will, not in France, or in Germany, or in Russia, much less all over the earth, much less in heaven, but within the United Kingdom; and in like manner the Blessed Virgin is called omnipotent, as being able to gain from God what she desires by the medium of prayer. Prayer is regarded as omnipotent in Scripture, and she in consequence, as being the chief intercessor among creatures, is considered omnipotent too. And the same remark applies to a great number of other words in Catholic theology. When the Church is called "holy," it is not meant that her authorities are always good men, though nothing is more common with Protestants than so to suppose. "Worship," again, is another term which is commonly misunderstood; "indulgence" is another;

"merit," "intention," "scandal," "religion," "obedience," all have their own senses, which our opponents must learn from Catholics, and cannot well find out for themselves.

I have a good old woman in my eye, who, to the great amusement of all hearers, goes about saying that her priest has given her "absolution for a week." What a horrid story for Exeter Hall! Here is a poor creature, with one foot in the grave, who is actually assured by her confessor, doubtless for some due pecuniary consideration, that for a week to come she may commit any sort of enormity to which she is inclined with impunity. Absolution for a week! then, it seems, she has discounted, if I may so speak, her prospective confessions, and may lie, thieve, drink, and swear for a whole seven days with a clear conscience! But now what does she really mean? I defy a Protestant to get the meaning out of the words, even if he wished to be fair; he must come to us for it. She means, then, that she has leave to communicate for a week to come, on her usual days of communion, whatever be their number, without coming to confession before each day. But how can her words have this meaning? in this way, as you know, my Brothers, well. Catholics are not bound to come to confession before communion, unless they have committed some greater sin; nor are they commonly advised by their priests to come every time, though they often do so. When, then, she said she had got absolution for a week, she meant to express, that the priest had told her that her once going to confession would be often enough, for all her days of communion, during a week to come, supposing (which was not to be expected in so pious a woman) she fell into no great sin. You see how many words it takes duly to unfold the meaning of one familiar expression.

This instance of Popish profligacy has not yet got into the Protestant prints; but there are others, not unlike it, which before now have made a great noise in the world. I will give you an instance of a mistake, not, indeed, as to a colloquialism, but as to the force of a technical phrase. When forms are often repeated, at length they are shortened; every schoolboy knows this

in learning geometry, where at first every word of the process of proof is supplied with formal exactness, and then, as the treatise advances, the modes of expressions are abbreviated. Many of our familiar words are abbreviations of this sort; such is an "omnibus;" again, a "stage," in the sense of a stage-coach; we talk of the "rail," when we mean the "railroad;" we speak of "laying the table" for dinner, when we mean "laying the cloth on the table;" and a king's levy properly means his "rising in the morning," but is taken to mean his showing himself to his nobles and others who come to pay him their respects. So again, innkeepers paint up, "Entertainment for man and horse;" they do not add the important words, "to those who can pay for it." Every other private house in our streets has "Ring the bell" upon its door: that is, "if you have business within." And so, again, in Catholicism the word "penance," which properly means repentance, often stands for the punishment annexed to the repentance, as when we talk of the imposition of "penances." Now, in like manner, as to Indulgences, "to absolve from sin" sometimes means one of two things quite distinct from real absolution. First, it may mean nothing else but to remit the *punishment* of sin; and next, it may mean to absolve *externally* or to *reconcile* to the Church, in the sense in which I explained the phrase in a previous Lecture.* Here, however, I am going to speak of the phrase in the former of these two senses—viz., as the remission of the *punishment* remaining *after* pardon of the sin. This is an Indulgence; Indulgence never is *absolution* or pardon itself. At the same time it is quite certain that, as far as words go, Indulgences have sometimes been drawn up in such a form as conveys to a Protestant reader the idea of real absolution, which they always presuppose and never convey. To a person who is not pardoned (and pardoned he cannot be without repentance), an Indulgence does no good whatever; an Indulgence supposes the person receiving it to be already absolved and in a state of grace, and then it remits to him the

* In Lecture III. This sense, however, is unusual; *vide* Ferraris, Biblioth. art. Indulg., App. § 6.

punishment which remains due to his past sins, whatever they are; but that this is really the meaning, a Protestant will as little gather from the form of words in which it has been sometimes drawn up, as he would gather from the good old soul's words cited just now, that "absolution" means "leave to go to communion." If Protestants will not take their information from Catholics on points such as this, but are determined to judge for themselves and to insist on the letter, there is no help for it.

And the same remark in a measure applies to another expression to be found in Indulgences. In Tetzel's famous form at the beginning of the Reformation, we read as follows:—"Shouldest thou not presently die, let this grace remain in full force, and avail thee at the point of death." On this Dr. Waddington, ordinarily a cautious as well as candid writer, observes, "[It cannot] be disputed that it conferred an entire absolution, not only from all past, but also from all future sins. It is impossible with any shadow of *reason* to affix any other meaning to the concluding paragraph,"*—which is the one I have quoted. Reason; how can reason help you here? could you have found out that "absolution" meant "leave for communion" by reason? Some things are determined by reason, others by sense, and others by testimony. We go to dictionaries for information of one kind, and to gazetteers for information of another kind. No one discovers the price of stocks, ministerial measures, or the fashions of the new year, by reason. Whatever is spontaneous, accidental, variable, self-dependent, whatever is objective, we must go out of ourselves to determine. And such, among other instances, is the force of language, such the use of formulas, such the value of theological terms. You learn pure English by reading classical authors and mixing in good society. Go then to those with whom such terms are familiar, who are masters of the science of them, and they will read the above sentence for you, not by reason, but by the usage of the Church; and they will read it thus:—"If thou diest not now, but time hence, this Indulgence will

* Reformation, vol. i. p. 27.

then avail thee, in the hour of death, that is, provided thou art then in a state of *grace*."

There is no prospective pardon in these words so explained; an Indulgence has nothing to do with pardon; it presupposes pardon; it is an additional remission of the arrears of suffering due from those who are already pardoned. If on receipt of this Indulgence the recipient rushed into sin, the benefit of the Indulgence would be at least suspended, till he repented, went to confession, gained a new spirit, and was restored to God's favour. If he was found in this state of pardon and grace at the point of death, then it would avail him at the point of death. Then, that pardon which his true repentance would gain him in the sacrament of penance, would be crowned by the further remission of punishment through the Indulgence, certainly not otherwise. If, however, a controversialist says that an ordinary Catholic cannot possibly understand all this, that is a question of fact, not of reason; it does not stand to reason that he cannot; reason does not come in here. I do not say that an ordinary layman *will* express himself with theological accuracy, but he knows perfectly well that an Indulgence is no pardon for prospective sin, that it is no standing pardon for a state of sin. If you think he does not, come and see. That is my key-note from first to last; come and see, instead of remaining afar off, and judging by reason.

7.

There are Protestant books explaining difficult passages of the Old Testament by means of present manners and customs among the Orientals; a very sensible proceeding, and well deserving of imitation by Protestants in the case before us: let *our* obscure words and forms be interpreted by the understandings and habits of the Catholic people. On the other hand, in Dean Swift's well-known tale, you have an account of certain philosophers of Laputa, who carried their heads under their arm. These sagacious persons seldom made direct use of their senses, but acted by reason; a tailor, for instance, who has to measure for a suit of clothes, I think, is described,

not as taking out his measures, but his instruments, quadrant, telescope, and the like. He measured a man as he would measure a mountain or a bog; and he ascertained his build and his carriage as he might determine the right ascension of Sirius or the revolution of a comet. It was but a vulgar way to handle and turn about the living subject who was before him; so our Laputan retreated, pulled out his theodolite instead of his slips of parchment, and made an observation from a distance. It was a grand idea to make a coat by private judgment and a theodolite; and, depend upon it, when it came home it did not fit. Our Protestants wield the theodolite too; they keep at a convenient distance from us, take the angles, calculate the sines and cosines, and work out an algebraic process, when common sense would bid them ask us a few questions. They observe latitude and longitude, the dip of the needle, the state of the atmosphere; our path is an orbit, and our locus is expressed by an equation. They communicate with us by gestures, as you talk to the deaf and dumb: and they are more proud of doing something, right or wrong, by a ceremony of this kind, which is their own doing, than of having the learning of the Benedictines or the Bollandists, if they are to go to school for it.

Open their tracts or pamphlets at random, and you will not have long to look for instances;—a priest is told one afternoon, that a parishioner wishes to go to confession. He breaks off what he is doing, disappointed, perhaps, at the interruption, rushes into church, takes up his stole, and turns his ear towards his penitent. It is altogether a matter of routine work with him, with a lifting up indeed of the heart to his Maker and Lord, but still a matter too familiar to make any great impression on him, beyond that of his knowing he is called to a serious duty, which he must discharge to the best of his ability. A Scripture reader, or some such personage, opens the door, and peeps in; he perceives what is going on, and stands gazing. What is his comment? I wish I had kept the paragraph, as I read it; but it was to this effect,—"I saw a priest with a poor wretch at his feet—how like a god he looked!" Can anything, my

Brothers, be more unreal, more fantastic? Yet all this comes of standing gazing at the door.

How many are the souls, in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world? Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathise with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, Confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact,—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh what piercing, heart-subduing tranquillity, provoking tears of joy, is poured, almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is confession as it is in fact; as those bear witness to it, who know it by experience; what is it in the language of the Protestant? His language is, I may say, maniacal: listen to his ravings, as far as I dare quote them, about what he knows just as much of as the blind know of colours: "If I could follow my heart wherever it would go," he cries about the priest, "I would go into his dark and damnable confessional, where my poor Roman

Catholic countrymen intrust their wives and daughters to him, under the awful delusion of false religion; and, while the tyrant is pressing his . . infernal investigation, putting the heart and feeling of the helpless creature on the moral rack, till she sink enslaved and powerless at his feet, I would drag the victim forth in triumph from his grasp, and ring in the monster's ear, No Popery!"

These are the words of a fanatic; but grave, sober men can in their own way say things quite as absurd, quite as opprobrious. There is a gentleman,* who, since these Lectures began, has opened a public correspondence with me; I quoted from him just now.† One of his principal points, to which he gave his confident adhesion, was this, that at least one in twelve of our Priests in large towns doubts or disbelieves. How did he prove it? A conscientious person does not advance grave charges against others, much less the gravest possible, without the best of reasons. Even to think ill of others, without sufficient cause, is, in a Catholic's estimation an offence; but to speak out to the world a proposition such as this, distinctly to accuse his neighbour of the worst of crimes, is either a great duty or a great sin. The proof, too, should be proportionate to the imputation. And that the more, because he went further than I have yet said: he actually singled out a place; he named Birmingham, and he insinuated that such infidels or sceptics were found among the priests of this very town. Well, then, we must suppose he speaks on the best authority; he has come to Birmingham, he knows the priests, he has some distinct evidence. He accuses us of a sin which includes blasphemy, sacrilege, hypocrisy, fraud, and virtually immorality, besides its own proper heinousness, which is of the first order, and he must have, of course, reason for what he says. What then is his method of proof? simply the

* Mr Seeley, the reputed author of several able works. The wider his name and his charge against us are circulated, the better for the cause of truth. Neither the one nor the other should be hushed up.

† p. 19.

Laputan. He brandishes his theodolite, he proves us to be proud rebels against our God, and odious impostors towards men, by mathematics; he draws out a rule of three sum on paper, and leaves us to settle with it as we may. He argues, that, because France had a body of infidel priests in last century, who did *not* disguise themselves, because Spain had a knot of infidels who, for *fear* of the Inquisition, did, therefore now in England, where nothing is *heard* of infidelity, and where there is nothing to frighten it into *silence*, it exists in every large town. Moreover, because there were infidel priests in the special 18th century, therefore there are infidel priests in the 19th. Further, because there were in France fifty or sixty or a hundred infidels among 380,000 ecclesiastics, and a sprinkling in Spain among 125,000, that there are in England infidels now in the proportion of one to twelve. To this antecedent proof he added a few cases, true or false, at home or abroad, which it was impossible to examine or refute, of a professedly recent date; and on these grounds he ventured forth with his definite assertion, simply satisfied of its truth, its equity, and its charitableness.

And now for something, if not more wonderful, at least more observable still. After thus speaking, he was surprised I should consider it "a *charge*," and a charge against the priests of Birmingham. He complains, that is, that I have given a *personal* turn to his assertion. Ah, true; I ought to have remembered that Catholic priests, in the judgment of a good Protestant, are not persons at all. I had forgotten what I have already said in the First of these Lectures; we are not men, we have not characters to lose, we have not feelings to be wounded, we have not friends, we have not penitents, we have not congregations; we have nothing personal about us, we are not the fellow-creatures of our accusers, we are not gentlemen, we are not Christians; we are abstractions, we are shadows, we are heraldic emblazonments, we are the griffins and wiverns of the old family picture, we are stage characters with a mask and a dagger, we are mummies from Egypt or antediluvian ornithorhynchi, we are unresisting ninepins, to be set up and knocked down

by every mischievous boy; we are the John Doe and Richard Roe of the lawyers, the Titius and Bertha of the canonists, who come forth for every occasion, and are to endure any amount of abuse or misfortune. Did the figures come down from some old piece of tapestry, or were a lion rampant from an inn door suddenly to walk the streets, a Protestant would not be more surprised than at the notion that we have nerves, that we have hearts, that we have sensibilities. For we are but the frogs in the fable; "What is your sport," they said to the truant who was pelting them, "is our destruction:" yes, it is our portion from the beginning, it is our birthright, though not quite our destruction, to be the helots of the pride of the world.

8.

But more remains to be said. It often may happen, in matters of research, not indeed when the rule of charity comes in, but in philosophical subjects and the like, that men are obliged to make use of indirect reasonings, in default of testimony and fact. That was not so here. There was evidence, to a considerable extent, the other way. Now observe this, my Brothers. You know how anxious the Protestant world is to get hold of any priest who has left the Catholic body. Why? because he would tell them *facts* about it; certainly Protestants are not always indifferent about facts; that is, when they hope they will tell against us. Well, they go to this priest or that monk, who has transferred himself to Protestantism, in order to get all the information about us they can. Now are Protestantizing priests and monks the only evidence of the kind which they could obtain on the subject? Frenchmen who come from France are evidence about France; but are not Englishmen who go to France evidence too? If some persons come from Rome, have none gone to Rome? and have not they too something to offer in the way of evidence? Yes, surely, they have much to say about Catholic priests. It was offered by myself to the gentleman of whom I have been speaking; it was offered, and it was not

accepted. He who could argue by wholesale from some mere instance of a Catholic Priest who had become a Protestant, would learn nothing from the direct avowals of a Protestant, who had become a Catholic Priest. The one was the pregnant germ of an arbitrary deduction, the other was no credible testimony to a matter of fact.

Now, my Brothers, I should not insist on all this, if it merely related to any personal matter of mine; but, you see, it affords a very observable illustration of the point on which I am insisting—viz., that to know Catholics is the best refutation of what is said against them. You are aware, then, that a number of highly educated Protestants have of late years joined the Catholic Church. If their former co-religionists desired to have some real and good information what Catholics are like, they could not have better than that which these persons had to offer. They had belonged to a system which allowed of the largest private judgment, and they had made use of their liberty. They had made use of it first to reject the Protestantism of the day, and to recur back to another form of Protestantism which was in some repute two hundred years ago. Further, they used their liberty to attack the See of Rome, so firmly were they persuaded that the Popedom was not a divine institution. No one can say they did not enter into the feelings of suspicion and jealousy which Protestants entertain towards Rome. For myself, though I never, as I believe, spoke against individuals, I felt and expressed this deep suspicion about the system; and it would be well indeed for Catholicism in this country, if every Protestant but studied it with a tenth part of the care which I have bestowed on the examination and expression of Protestant arguments and views. Well, the private judgment of these men went on acting, for a Protestant can have no guide but it; and to their surprise, as time proceeded, they found it bringing them nearer to the Catholic Church, and at length it fairly brought them into it. What did Protestants say then? Why, they said that the same private judgment which had led them into the Catholic Church, would, in course of time, lead them out of it. They

said, too, that these new Catholics, when they came to see what Catholics were like, would be unable to stop among them. Mind they put it to this test; this was their issue; they left the decision of the question to the event; they knew that the persons of whom they spoke were honest men; they knew that they had given up a great deal to become Catholics; they were sure that they would not take part in an imposition: and therefore they said, "Let them go, they will soon come back; let them go to Rome itself, they are sure to be disgusted; they will meet at Rome, and in France, and in England, and everywhere, infidel priests by the bushel, and will tire of their new religion. And besides, they will soon begin to doubt about it themselves; their private judgment will not submit to all they will have to believe, and they will go out of Catholicism as they came into it."

You observe, then, my Brothers, that our testimony is not a common one, it has a claim to be heard; it has been appealed to by anticipation, let it then be heard after the event. There is no doubt that the whole Protestant world would have made a great deal of our dropping off from the Catholic body; why, then, ought it not to be struck by the fact of our continuing in it, being dutiful and loyal to it, and finding our rest in it? You know perfectly well Protestants would have listened greedily if we had left and borne witness against it; why, then, ought they not in consistency to listen seriously when we glory in it, and bear witness for it? Who in the whole world are likely to be more trustworthy witnesses of the fact, whether or not one in twelve of our town priests disbelieves or doubts, than these converts, men of education, of intelligence, of independent minds, who have their eyes about them, who are scattered to and fro through all the country, who are, some of them, priests themselves? Is there any one who knows us personally who will dare to say we are not to be believed, not to be trusted? no: only those who know us not. But so it is to be; our evidence is to be put aside, and the Laputan method to carry the day. Catholics are to be surveyed from without, not inspected from within: texts and formulas are to prevail over broad and luminous

facts. There is a story of a logician at some place of learning, who, as he was walking one evening past the public library, was hailed by an unfortunate person from one of its windows, who told him he had been locked in by mistake when it closed, and begged him to send to his relief the official who kept the keys. Our logician is said to have looked at him attentively, pronounced the following syllogism, and walked away: "No man can be in the library after 4 o'clock P.M. You are a man: therefore you are not in the library." And thus Catholic priests are left duly locked up by Barbara or Celarent, because, forsooth, one grain of Protestant logic is to weigh more than cartloads of Catholic testimony.

9.

No, if our opponents would decide the matter by testimony, if they would submit their assertions to the ordeal of facts, their cause is lost; so they prefer much to go by prejudices, arbitrary principles, and texts. Evidence they can have to satisfy for the asking; but what boots it to pipe and sing to the deaf, or to convince the self-satisfied heart against its will? One there was who left the Protestant religion under circumstances different from any to which I have hitherto alluded. He never joined in the religious movement which has brought so many to the Church; nay, he wrote against that movement: he wrote, not in bitterness and contempt, as many have done, and do, but as a gentleman and a man of serious principle; he wrote against myself. But, though he started from so different a point, he, too, came near the Church, he, too, entered it. He did so at a great sacrifice; he had devoted a great part of his fortune to the building of a Protestant church. It was all but finished when the call came; he rose and obeyed it, and had to leave his means of subsistence behind him, turned into stone. He came into the Catholic Church and he remains a layman in it. See, then, here is a witness altogether different: ought not this to content our enemies? or are the boys in the market-place still to

cry to them, "We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have lamented, and you have not mourned?" Are they suspicious of those who belonged to a certain movement before they became Catholics? here is one who opposed it: are they suspicious of a convert priest? here is a convert layman. Now he happens, some years after his conversion, to have written an account of his experience of the Catholic Religion; how many of our enemies have had the grace—I can use no lighter term—have had the grace to look into it? Yet what possible reason can they give for having neglected to study and to profit by it? It is the grave testimony of one, in whom, as in that illustrious witness of old in a heathen country, "no cause nor suspicion" can be found, "unless concerning the law of his God."

"I came," he says, and he shall conclude this Lecture for me, "forced by my convictions, and almost against my will, into this mighty community, whose embrace I had all my life dreaded as something paralyzing, enslaving, and torturing. No sooner, however, could I look around me, and mark what presented itself to my eyes, than I saw that I was in a world where all was as satisfying as it was new. For the first time I met with a body of men and women, who could talk and act as Christians, without cant, without restraint, without formality, without hypocrisy. After years and years of disappointment, in which the more deeply I saw into the hearts and lives of Protestants of every class, the more clearly I perceived that the religion they professed had *not* become their second nature, but was a thing put on, which did not fit them, which confined their movements, and gave them an outward look, while it was not wrought into the depth of their being,—after years and years of this disappointment, in which the contrast between the Bible, which they praised, and the spirit of their own lives, and the doctrines they preached struck me more bitterly each succeeding day, at length I found myself in the midst of a race, with whom Christianity was not a rule, but a principle; not a restraint, but a second nature; not a bondage, but a freedom; in which it had precisely that effect which it

claims to produce upon man; in which not a few hours, or an occasional day, was set apart for religion, but in which *life* was religious: in which men spoke at all hours, and in all occupations, of religious things, naturally, as men speak of secular things in which they are deeply interested; in which religious thoughts and short prayers were found not incompatible with the necessary duties and pleasures which fill up the road of existence; and in which, the more deeply I was enabled to penetrate below the surface, the more genuine was the goodness which I found, and the more inexhaustible I perceived to be those treasures of grace, which Divine Goodness places at the disposal (so to say) of every soul that seeks them within this favoured communion.

"And now, when so long a period has elapsed since my first submission to the Church, that everything like a sense of novelty has long passed away, and I have tested experimentally the value of all that she has to offer; now that I can employ her means of grace, and take a part in the working of her system, with all that ease and readiness which long practice alone can bestow; the more profound is my sense of her divine origin, of the divine power which resides in her, and of the boundless variety and perfection of the blessings she has to bestow. The more I know her, the more complete do I perceive to be her correspondence to what she professes to be. She is exactly what the one Church of Christ is proclaimed to be in Scripture, and nothing less, and nothing more. . . . . Truly can I say with the patriarch, 'The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This is no other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.' The Catholic Church *can* be nothing less than the spiritual body of Jesus Christ. Nothing less than that adorable Presence, before which the Angels veil their faces, can make her what she is to those who are within her fold. Argument is needed no longer. The scoffings of the infidel, the objections of the Protestant, the sneers of the man of the world, pass over their heads, as clouds over a mountain peak, and leave them calm and undisturbed, with their feet resting upon the Rock of ages. They *know* in whom they

have believed. They have passed from speculation to action, and found that all is real, genuine, life-giving and enduring. . . . . I know only one fear—the fear that my heart may be faithless to Him who has bestowed on me this unspeakable blessing; I know only one mystery, which the more I think upon it, the more incomprehensible does it appear,—the mystery of that calling which brought *me* into this house of rest, while millions and millions are still driven to and fro in the turbulent ocean of the world, without rudder, and without compass, without helmsman and without anchor, to drift before the gale upon the fatal shore."*

* Capes' "Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion: Burns, London, 1849," pp. 92-95.

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